

THE GETAWAY

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U OF A STILL JUST 21ST BY OWN RANKINGS



SHAMED CROOK

CLOSE, BUT NO CIGAR Despite what seemed like an infallible master plan to reach the upper echelons of university elites worldwide, the University of Alberta crashed and burned worse than the space shuttle Challenger—too soon? Too soon?

OMG! University of Alberta not yet bestest ever, kids

OMAR BALLA-SHERAY
Eating the portions of two newsies

After announcing in October that they would be utilizing their own benchmarks to reach their stated goal of being one of the top 20 global universities by 2020, the University of Alberta administration was disappointed upon discovering that, when subjected to these standards, the institution still only ranked 21st overall.

The report was conducted by an internal team of patronage-appointed researchers, who spent the past year analyzing the university's operations based on the criteria the university itself had put forth to judge their own abilities.

The rankings were based on a variety of measures, including, but not limited to: the quality of lavish presidential parties; the ratio of administration dollars poured into centenary-focused events to the number of current students actually invited to said activities; the number of prime ministers who were supposed to show up for speeches this year but have yet to confirm dates; the amount of construction currently requiring students to make lengthy detours on the way to class; and whether or not the U of A develops a cure for cynicism.

Absent from the guidelines were how many students can still make ends meet thanks to tuition and rent increases, or a student-based assessment of the quality of the education

they're receiving.

Upon being eclipsed by 20 other postsecondary institutions, U of A President Indira Samarasekera called the results "meaningless" and questioned the validity of the administration's ranking guidelines.

"Universities can be assessed on three sets of indicators: inputs, outcomes, and their arbitrary position on a meaningless list defined by a set of ambiguous and vaguely established criteria," she explained.

"So I was stuck in the elevator and the guy beside me asked what my status was. I said 'single.' He said 'it's complicated.'"

JANZIE
BA (BE ANYTHING)

"At this point, it's not entirely clear what we have to do to make a goddamn top 20 list. Therefore, we demand that the global academic community recognize us as one of the top 20 universities regardless, because we want them to."

"When someone asks, 'who do you think is the bestest university in the world,' we'd like our name to get a pity mention," she added.

PLEASE SEE NOT #1 • PAGE 2

But never fear! University to rock new top 30 by 3030 plan

JEAN ALLOY
Insert French laugh here

After recently coming in 21st according to its own ranking system, the University of Alberta administration, rallied by President Indira Samarasekera, have released their newest—and some say loftiest—education evaluation goal: Plan 3030.

The plan aims to bring the University into the top 30 universities in the universe by the year 3030. Some are denouncing the plan because of its astounding timeline. But Samarasekera was quick to point out that the plan was rife with benefits.

"2020 just wasn't happening, man. Are you fucking crazy? We just thought that top 20 by 2020 had a nice public relations ring to it. This new plan is just as catchy name-wise, but it gives us well over 1000 years to reach our goal," Indira admitted.

"You Getaway hacks won't be able to mock my plans then; you'll all be long dead. I will, of course, be cryogenically

frozen to partake in the crazy year-long party we'll be throwing to celebrate achieving these results."

The new initiative aims to improve the U of A's ranking using a whole new set of "indicators and inputs," none of which were included in the 2020 plan. Unlike past improvement schemes, the new system will focus largely on increasing, instead of decreasing ratios.

"I think the most beneficial thing we can do is work to increase some of our institution's more neglected ratios, like hoverbike-to-student ratios. In addition to finding a cure for diabetes and such future diseases as quantum space-cancer, the development and production of hover-bikes is, I would say, a long-term, viable goal for us to set by 3030," Samarasekera stated.

But Samarasekera also notes the plan has some potential setbacks.

"If *Futurama* is in any way a reliable indicator of the future—which I think it is—at some point, robots will be able to think and will eventually wage war on us," she said.

"As a leading world university, we will be expected to provide our turbo manpower and sufficiently lacking knowledge and infrastructure to help the cause. This is also why plan 3030 is of such critical importance."

But not all portents point to doom. As a world leader in nanotechnological research, the U of A actually stands to gain handsomely from any machine-based war.

"In the war against the machines, the U of A aims to be at least in the top 30 as far as percentage of surviving students. I'm sure there are a variety of top 30 goals we will be able to fabricate by the time we have to worry about any of that."

The plan has so far received full endorsement from the Students' Union.

"Just tell them that it's a great idea, John," said John Braga Vice President Academic, reading from a sheet of paper covered in writing suspiciously similar to SU President Janelle Morin's.

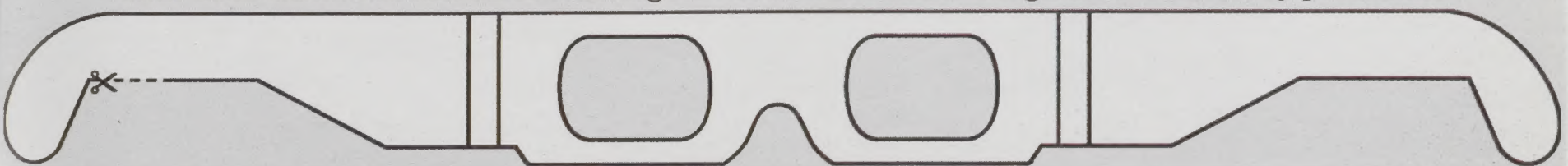
"I mean, oops, shit. Don't print that. Can I get a redo? Mulligan?"



MR SWIFT

BUT HE'S NOT WEARING ANY PANTS! Nevertheless, this enthusiastic space student can't help but burst with U of A pride at the thought of reaching 30th place.

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THE GETAWAY

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tuesday, 2 december, 2008
violin practice not required

Smooth as softest silk
Cody's upper lip region
No sign of moustache

How to Get to the Super Journalism Fortress
Take the stairs. Elevator 65's
busted again. AGAIN.
NO HACK ZONE
SERIOUSLY

Today's winning numbers are 4 8 15 16 23 42
And the bonus is... 19
A Dink Query tee hee
Whoops I broke the mail server again! sorry. —L

nowplaying

ACTION! Trike Handtruck
this time, it's explosionful | summer 2008

SUSPENSE! J Conehead Tears
he had an appetite ... for murder (and food) | 2009

COMEDY! Men Huggin'
the sequel to Legally Blonde 3 | Christmas 2012

ROMANCE! Thirstin' Forcock
taking Pride in shitty film Prejudice | winter 1926

FART JOKES! Macaulay Codkin
from the director of Football in Groin | Fridays at 8

SHITTY INDIE FILMS! Yawn Kvetch
subs before dubs | worldwide release in select cities

DOCUMENTARY! Dick Crossed
a National Film Board presentation | may 1978

SILENT FILMS! Peeeter X
the Kaiser's at it again | autumn of aught-ten

DIRECT TO DVD! Tanasious K
Beauty and the Beast VIII | stuck in the Disney vault

PORNO! Nightcrawler
bow chicka wow wow | ladies call free, baby

comingsoon

PIXAR! How is babby formed?
bring the whole family to a theatre near you | 2010??

DREAMWORKS! Shreziolek the Third, BCom
at least it's not Madagascar | wait maybe it is

SESAME STREET! Too cool for words
na na na na na na na na na na | Elmo's world

BEST BOY! Noodles Ostad-Gholizadeh
KEY GRIP! Tres Gurgley (with added Scope)
You're not smart. You're not a doctor. You're not even a
full-time employee. Where did your life go so wrong?

THE GETAWAY is rated NC-17 for crass
humour, shitty jokes, and general
obscenity. But hey, at least there's
no pictures of childbirth this time!
Seriously, what the fuck. What the
fuck. WHAT THE FUCK.

THE GETAWAY did not steal
that penguin.

concession

Would you like butter on that popcorn? Can you
eat butter? Pouvez-vous manger du beurre?
Cheeseandtoasted? Is that everything? Do you want
to make that a combo? If you'd like more than three
ketchup packets, then NO DONAIR FOR YOU.

trailers

How many times can you watch the Watchmen trailer?
And seriously, the second trailer? THERE WAS NO
FUCKING NEW CONTENT. Oh boy, another shot of Dr
Manhattan's almost-penis. Whoop de doo.

credits

Oh boy! Did you see that, Mom? SECOND ASSISTANT
CRAFT SERVICEMAN. I'm there, Mom! I've finally
made it in the film industry! Hollywood, here I come!
Don't worry, I won't let my small-town values get
corrupted by the sleaze and drugs of the silver screen.
The sin-infested cesspool won't get to me, Mom!

Although, I'd probably do Reese Witherspoon if the
opportunity presented itself ... or herself. Ha cha cha cha
chal Honk honk!

behind the scenes

The Getaway is created using a metric fuckton of Macs.
Have you been to our super journalism fortress? B-Unit's
computers alone probably paid for Steve Jobs's new
car. And don't get me started about Adobe. Seriously,
what the fuck is new in CS4? Nothing, that's what. It's
not even 64-bit yet. Sheesh. Also, we have a shit-ton of
fonts on our server, such as THIS ONE, the serif one, the
skinny serif one, and your mom (seriously, this font has
WEIGHT). All of it's going to shit, anyway, in two years,
the Getaway Online is going to take over this place.
Infinite canvas, bitches! The Getaway's gays of choice
are Patrick Wisheu and Alena Manera.

things Cody hates

walking to the bathroom, anal sex, drinking games,
children, the word "hella," violations of "personal
sovereignty," decorative throw pillows, The Tragically
Hip (for their twangy melodic bullshit), British accents,
chicken Philly/chicken fillet, Facebook, Judd Apatow (not
Paul Rudd), "9 in the Afternoon" by Panici at the Disco,
300 Pokemon characters outside the original canon,
Barack Obama's public speaking skills, objectivists, The
Rocky Horror Picture Show, Kanye West, nihilism, Heath
Ledger (too soon?), Chuck Palahniuk, sex toys, Crawl
Blowin', fat people, fascists, Prozzak, Rice Thins

Puppies and sprinkles for 2020 failure

SEALS • CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Samarasekera also stated that she had already ensured that when someone asks which Canadian university president makes the most money, her name would be mentioned.

Working with the University administration, the Students' Union executive, on behalf of students, delivered both a standing ovation and a firm pat on the bum for trying to provide the best possible experience for their resumés.

"While we're disappointed with the results of the University's study, the SU exec remains committed to parroting the opinions of the administration," explained Students' Union President Janelle Morin.

"Regardless of the amount of student funds needlessly wasted on such pointless endeavours, we will continue to make good on our promise of advocating for students, so long as we never have to ruffle any feathers and everyone tows the party line."

Other SU executives, however, were less optimistic about the University's situation and raised several red flags.

"While we're disappointed with the results of the University's study, the exec remains committed to parroting the opinions of the administration, regardless of the amount of student funds needlessly wasted on pointless endeavours," said Vice President (Necromancy) John Braga.

Braga added, "We will continue to make good on our promise of advocating for students, so long as we never have to ruffle any feathers and everyone tows the party line."

You think I like riding shotgun in Braga's shoulder bag?

COUNSEL FORUM

Written by Eve and Alexi Perkins

Students' Council tortures each other every second Tuesday in the House that Carl built, U-Hall, at 6pm. Be there!

Potential candidates beware: entering the world of Students' Union politics is no laughing matter. Just ask this year's executive—between composting and ridding campus of styrofoam, to blowing cash on CASA and purchasing lawn gnomes, it's enough to drive you crazy. That's why, this week, Council brought in professional counsellors to help the SU deal with the stress and conflict that abounds at this time of year.

PRESIDENT PARANOIA

Current SU Prez Jamhands Mormon discussed how she wakes up with cold sweats on Tuesday and Thursday mornings, bracing herself for the doltish quotes that may or may not have made it into the Getaway from the day's previous crises. Typically, a call to mommy and blasting inspirational tunes by the likes of Celine Dion and Miley Cyrus will fill her with the confidence she needs to go to her twelve afternoon meetings. When asked whether or not she plans to seek professional help, Mormon preferred to remain optimistic and consult with the administration before making a decision.

MONEY TROUBLES

Vice President (Money Bags) Steben

Doglansky is feeling the pull of the purse strings these days. Seen stalking around campus with a skewed tie, stained shirt, and clutching non-descript brown bags with dollar signs on them, it's evident that the job is getting to him.

When asked by counsellors what, exactly, he was carrying around in said bags, Doglansky refused comment, and instead muttered under his breath about fueling the fires of the CASA furnace.

Counsellors were also able to determine that most of the VP's stress is currently coming from his after-work job at the local Earls restaurant.

TOO MUCH GREEN

Vice President (Arts and Crafts) Crystal Meth was seen recently on the main level of SUB, sporting a burlap sack while rooting through garbage bins. Apparently, in her her effort to promote a greener campus, Meth ingested a little too much organic root beer and was determined to enforce her new composting decree.

"This banana peel has so much more to contribute to society," she said as she grabbed it from an unsuspecting student who, naturally, fled the scene.

Refusing to sit still long enough to receive the help of counsellors and counsellors, Meth was last seen sitting cross-legged in Quad, humming to herself.

ENCHANCE ME SOME SAVINGS

With the weight of reducing textbook costs sitting heavily on the shoulders of Vice President (Wizardry) Barberus Bragge, counsellors determined that he could probably use another vacation.

CICERO
Not the philosopher, nor the Roman statesman
—commenting on his pathetic existence

Despite his wand waving and gnome banners, his efforts to peak student interest have only succeeded in giving him an ulcer.

"I'm so tired of being asked what my job is, or why the hell I ran for office," he complained to councillors at their last meeting.

Finding comfort in his friend, Cicero the Teaching Gnome, Bragge is still waiting for his rainbow to appear out of the storm. Counsellors are concerned about his tendency to speak to inanimate objects and have recommended further vacation time sans garden objects.

EXTERNALLY CRUSHING

Filling the snooty shoes of last year's Vice President (Thinking outside the bubble) Steben Doglansky, this year's VP Beastham, lord of meats, has recently learned that her job entails more than signing the big cheques (of which there have been disappointingly few this year). Overwhelmed by the threat of another election, Beastham has been feeling both a little left out and a little stressed out.

"I can't do another election in my term! I can't stand talking to politicians; they're all so damn phony," she remarked to a source within the Getaway staff, who remarked that she was, in fact, a politician herself.

When this realization hit her, counsellors rushed to Beastham's aid and did their best to ensure her that SU politics were simply make-believe and didn't actually mean anything in the real world.

STREET SIGNS

Compiled and photographed by Bjorn and friends

As you may be aware, you are actually not cool enough to disobey street signs. Big Brother is watching.

If you saw the sign, what would it open up your eyes to?



Berlin
Deutschland



Reno
Elvis lives!



Westminster
Jolly good



Rio de Janeiro
Carnival

Ach dien Streeters, du hast macht ihre Auto auf die Strasse! Schnell machen! It is giving you the danger! Schnitzel becomes cold.

Don't worry newlyweds, if you keep your car doors locked when you slow down, the strippers and whores on the street corners of Reno won't be able to corrupt you.

Orange you glad the City of Westminster doesn't have any bylaws against shitty street signs?

DO NOT TOUCH THE EDGES OF THIS SIGN.

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Bigots complain University overly inclusive, demand fair treatment

PSYCHO KILLER
Qu'est-ce que c'est?

In what may prove to be a divisive move amongst the student population, the University of Alberta Association of Racists and Bigots (UAARB) appeared before the General Faculties Council (GFC) yesterday to propose that the University of Alberta is becoming too inclusive. According to their hooded leader DW Griffith, the U of A is "currently home to far too many Blacks, Asians, Jews, Ukrainians, and Mexicans," and though it wasn't mentioned, the Getaway feels that there are currently too many Scandos.

"What we're looking for is equality—racial equality—and the only way we feel the U of A can accomplish this is by only allowing those of pure Aryan bloodlines to attend this institution," Griffith said. "Currently, we feel that the University simply doesn't cater to bigots, and we are beginning to feel marginalized."

The UAARB presented for close to five minutes, displaying various pie charts demonstrating percentages of degrees stolen by immigrant students, as well as a comprehensive seven-step plan for establishing racial purity on campus. Before the group could detail their expatriation-friendly suggestions, however, the GFC interrupted the presentation, demanding that the lunacy be put to an end.

In response to the UAARB's proposal, the committee passed a motion to form a sub-committee for the purpose of investigating "who allowed these assholes to present to GFC in



BLARING FIELDSIT

WHITE IS RIGHT Pick white on multiple choice exams, except after Labour Day.

the first place." The sub-committee further passed a motion to strike the UAARB membership across the face.

The meeting was chaired by a noticeably irate Provost and Vice President (Funny Hats) Carl Armchair, who was noted to mutter "what the fuck?" no less than 15 times during the course of the presentation.

"This has been a complete waste of my time—worse than attending a Bears football game this season. Hell, I'd even take Pandas field hockey over this," Armchair stated.

Armchair was quick to correct himself, stating that, in truth, nobody would prefer to watch field hockey. Griffith made a sign of audible

agreement, which only served to further evoke the Provost's ire.

"Shut your goddamn whore mouth, you fuck. Every time we let students into this goddamn room it's just another fucking disappointment. Do you shit-mongers ever have any good ideas?" Armchair questioned. "It would be so much easier to run this shit-show without you pissants gumming up the works. What we really should do is get rid of all students, period. In fact, fuck it—I motion that we ban students from campus."

At this point, Armchair began to bang his gavel furiously before flipping over his desk and storming out of the meeting.

Science says, "And then there was God!"

EIN GUT AUSSEHENDER MANN
That's German, bitches

Scientists at the University of Alberta have indisputably proved the existence of God during their demonstration of a new device, the "Goddar," which was unveiled on campus earlier this week.

Described as "pretty neat" by those who have witnessed its glory, the "Goddar" is set to have drastic consequences on the way secular affairs are handled at the U of A.

The system was originally developed for the purpose of tracking weather balloons, but the goals changed when researchers began to notice an unexpected phenomenon.

"It was random. The balloons were coming back all shimmery, brilliant, like diamonds—shiny ones," Xavier Pablo, one of the researchers, explained. "After investigating the material, we reached the conclusion that it was pieces of God's essence."

After noticing that God was sticking to other balloons, the researchers were able to predict where and when clouds of God would next appear.

"Yeah, that was mostly my idea," Pablo said. "We just rigged the machine so that it could detect this stuff."

The scientists concluded that the substance should be classified as a previously unknown element.

"As it turns out, God is a lanthanide. He slips in right behind neodymium, so the atomic number is 61.5," Pablo said.

Despite the worldwide attention focused on the discovery, some people involved were disappointed.

"This isn't what we set out to do. We got sidetracked, and the science has suffered," explained project lead Dr Timothy Ferdiksonikichek.

"I set my sights too high. Our balloon tracker is a complete and utter failure. Who will give me a grant now?" he said between sobs.

As news spread, the scientists were quick to point out that establishing direct contact with God remains a mystery.

"The power of this element is nearly incalculable. The actual voice of God would quite literally level mountains and turn forests to ash—it would be a disaster. It could potentially cause millions worth in damage," Ferdiksonikichek said after composing himself.

With definite proof of God's existence, churches are experiencing a sharp spike in their attendance.

"Obviously, this only proves what we've been telling you ignorant assholes all along," the Vatican said yesterday in

a statement released to the press.

As some groups flourish, others are seeing a decline in their numbers of supporters.

"Oh shit," responded prominent atheism advocate T Parker Smithson. He immediately proceeded to find another cause that would piss off his overbearing parents.

With its impact on religions the world over, Pablo is most excited for what will undoubtedly be a prominent place in scientific history.

"So Newton what, discovered gravity or something? Well, where does that put me then? I mean, I discovered God," Pablo said.

"Bitches," he added.

It is unclear what impact the God discovery will have on the U of A's convocation debate.



SPAM HOOKS

BEAKER? I HARDLY KNEW HER! Dr Scientist of science is speechless at the sight of God's pink essence. Hope He wasn't contaminated by leaching plastics.

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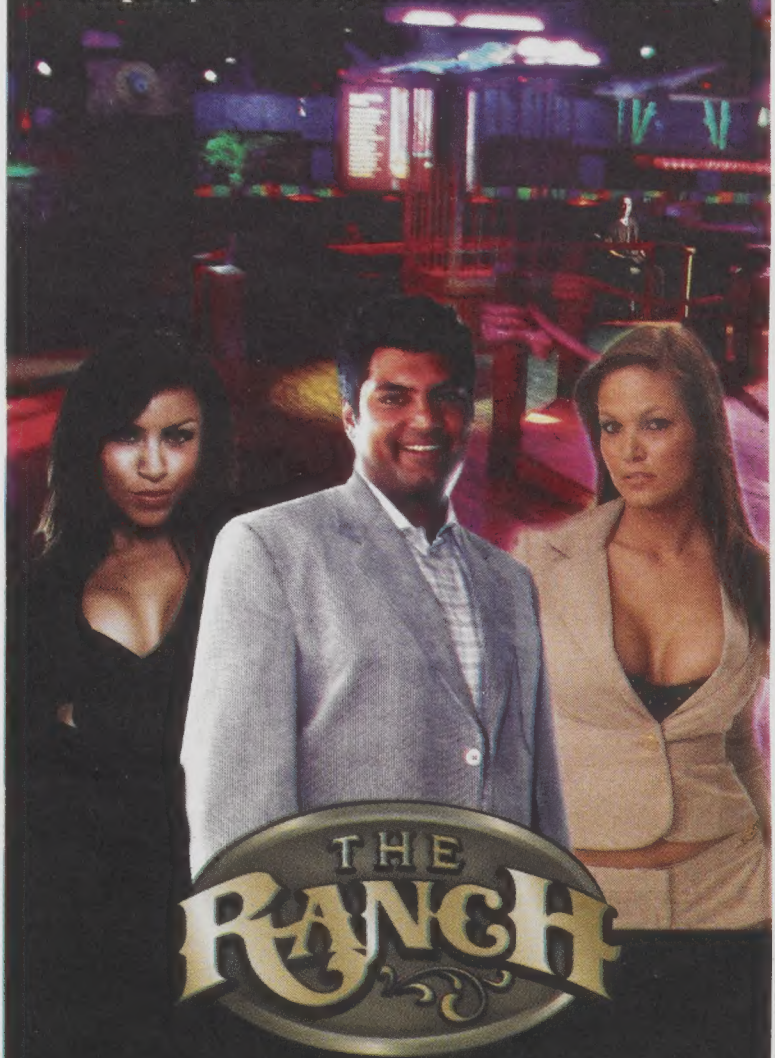
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When browsing the web, make sure to always use protection. You never know who could be secretly looking at you via webcam. It could be that sick motherfucker up there. Yeah.

more tips at
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THE GATEWAY

The Gateway is hiring a Circulation Public Affairs Liaison (Circulation PAL)

The position's duties include:

- delivering the *Gateway* to designated locations on and around campus as soon as possible after delivery from the printer,
- mailing out all issues of the *Gateway* to subscribers every two weeks,
- sorting incoming newspapers and other publications and displaying them neatly in the *Gateway* offices, and
- coordinating collation of the year's issues of the *Gateway* for the production of bound editions at the end of the year.

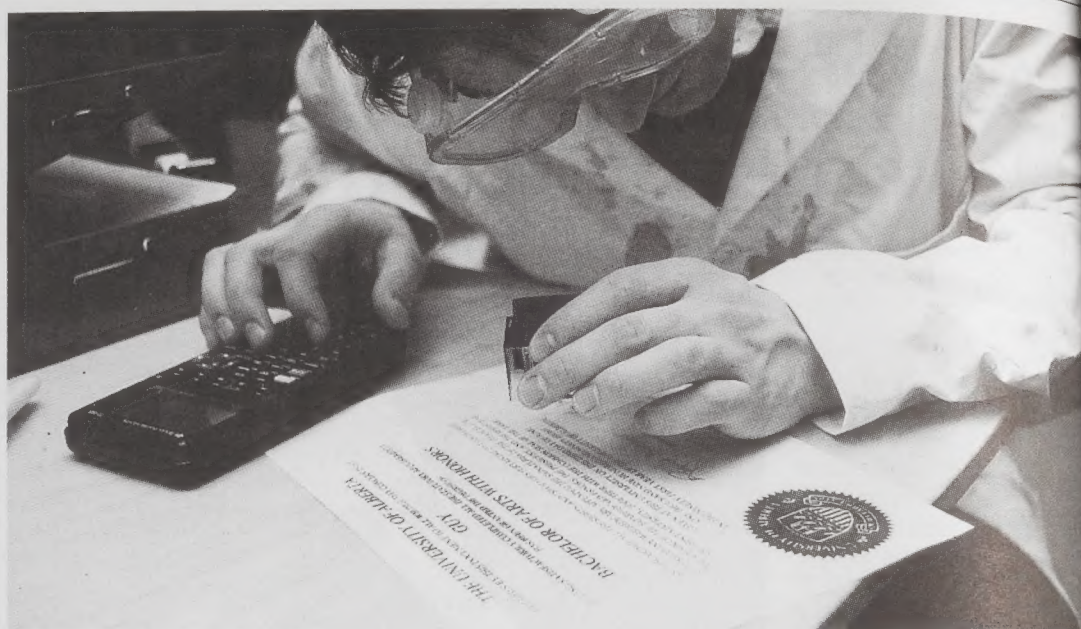


The successful applicant will:

- be reliable and hard-working with excellent organization and time-management skills,
- be available Tuesday and Thursday mornings and early afternoons (meaning no classes before 2pm on those days),
- possess a valid driver's license and be able to produce a clean driver's abstract, and
- be registered in at least one course for credit during each of the Fall and Winter terms.

The position requires ten hours per week (less if you're speedy), runs until 30 April, 2009. Salary is negotiable. We are seeking to fill this position immediately, and will close the position as soon as we find an acceptable candidate.

For further information or to apply, contact
Ashleigh Brown, Gateway Business Manager
3-04 Students' Union Building
T: 780.492.6669 F: 780.492.6665
biz@gateway.ualberta.ca



WOULD YOU LIKE FRIES WIT DAT, YO? Researchers of science have discovered that Arts degrees are nothing but paper

I guess I study arts because I'm lazy

PSYCHO KILLER
Fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa

The controversial claims made last month at a speech by semi-intrepid Canadian journalist Avid Loser that "arts are the only thing that can change the world," has led top University of Alberta scientists to investigate the validity of the claim. However, despite the efforts of experts in a variety of scientific fields, they have thus far failed to verify Loser's bold statement.

But though this comes as a surprise to some, Dr Thomas Savvy, a Doomologist and head researcher in the study, says that these preliminary findings were more or less expected.

"When you think about it rationally, this was all pretty self-evident—I mean, come on, when was the last time a work of art literally ignited the earth's atmosphere or liquefied rock?" Savvy said.

"Science has given us navigation, nuclear physics, and Caramilk—I mean seriously, no matter how hard you try, you can't philosophize caramel inside chocolate."

However, despite the failure to find definitive proof of arts' world-changing properties as of yet, the team continues to search. Of particular interest

is how *Ulysses* alters the perception of linear time for the reader, and MC Escher's revolutionary approach to stairs.

"[Escher]'s ideas are, frankly, amazing. If we could manage to utilize space in the ways he predicted, population density would become a non-issue," Savvy mused.

"Unfortunately, this would also render handicap accessibility impossible—but then again, Escher's hatred of wheelchairs was legendary, and he was often known to refer to them as 'mechanical satyrs.'"

Aside from arts' quantum influences, Savvy's team has also been investigating its usefulness as an alternative therapy to traditional medicine.

"We tried administering Derrida to cancer patients as an alternative to chemotherapy, but there was no effect—in fact, compared to control groups, the arts treatment fared significantly worse, and had more complaints of being 'generally annoyed by this pedantic crap.'" Savvy said.

"We also tried administering liquid art, derived from one of Munch's masterpieces, to try and treat massive blood loss, but the patients just began screaming uncontrollably."

Savvy also cautions against the potential of some art to generate

dangerous amounts of pretentious thought, and cautions the public about engaging in discussions with arts students, as the results can be devastatingly boring.

"One of my research assistants was carrying a book on semiotics up to the lab but forgot to conceal it within a protective lead covering," Savvy said.

"When he failed to return, we went looking for him and found him weeping uncontrollably in the center of a gathering of beret-wearing students. They were all unrelentingly discussing Ferdinand de Saussure to no avail."

The team plans to continue their research until a definitive conclusion can be reached. As studies progress, the team has begun to verify the ability of science to change the world, and have thus far been met with initial, overwhelming success. Something that Savvy is confident will be a continuing trend.

"Just this morning, my lab discovered how to generate dimensional rifts that could cast Earth as we know it into any number of parallel universes. We're also looking into the possibility of turning the globe into a giant robot, à la Unicron.

"The best Chaucer's ever done is maybe incite a book burning or two."

Sexy ad girls protest being hot, objectified

YAWN KVETCH
Theory of a Nickelfault

Expressing dissatisfaction at the way they were being portrayed in *Getaway* advertisements, a coalition of sexy cowgirls, saucy bar stars, and risqué teachers picketed the student newspaper's office Monday, demanding that they not be depicted.

"These racy advertisements only serve to display our tight, oiled-up bodies in a sultry and lascivious manner, devoid of any inherent human worth," said a spokeswoman for the activists, whose names and faces were not revealed as they were simply sexually objectified representations of male fantasies used solely for the purpose of attracting patrons towards overpriced beer.

"We urge the *Getaway* to cease exhibiting our bountiful breasts, taut midriffs, and curvaceous derrieres in a manner that would suggest we are nothing more than pieces of meat."

The speaker then straddled a nearby school chalkboard with her leg, so as to pull her barely-there skirt up further, exposing her killer gams to an unfathomable degree than could be

previously expected. A photo of the pose will be used in an upcoming advertisement to make readers aware of \$2.75 hi-balls available for purchase until midnight on Saturdays at the Planet Pub & Grill.

"Halloween is just an excuse to dress up like a slutty whatever—nurse, school girl, plumber, fire truck, teacher, slut."

BARNEY STINSON
LEGENDARY

The rally was described as "powerfully moving" and "that ass is one fine piece of cheesecake" by the gaggle of salivating male troglodytes who had surrounded the protesters and attempted to gain numbers from the women.

"Such demonstrations are important in breaking down gender stereotypes and asserting the equal role of women in society," said department of women's studies professor Phineas

Q Dalrymple.

"When an establishment like, for instance, the Ranch, purports to be a place where the west can get wild, eager males can be coerced into picturing an unrealistic image of cowgirls as women of loose morals with huge breasts, who ride bareback in more ways than one," he explained.

"Recent studies have shown that this is completely untrue in a large minority of cases," he added, emphasizing that sex doesn't sell—nuh uh, not at all.

Yet Dalrymple asserts that business and pleasure sometimes just don't mix as well as they seemed to in the better James Bond movies of yesteryear.

"Your chances of forking over excessive amounts of money and drinking at the bar alone after perusing provocative ads is infinitely greater and less awkward for women than partaking in something like a sexually-charged hayloft romp, despite the desires of hundreds of club-attending masturbators," he said.

Also in attendance at the protest were representatives from Chippendales, who decried the use of their rippling muscled shoulders and washboard abs to objectify males.

Cardiovascular activity results in fine ass, but doesn't end genocide

Walking for Darfur/Uganda/Rwanda/Democratic Republic of the Congo/Zimbabwe/Somalia/Sierra Leone won't really help the starving children of war

TRIKE HANDTRUCK
Pudding Worm

The annual campus Walk for Darfur stumbled to a disappointing halt this week upon discovering that the Sudanese genocide, which is the focus of the event, is not affected by cardiovascular exercise.

The revelation came as a result of a study conducted by a STAT 141 group project that attempted to chart the body mass index of the walk's members in relation to the death tolls in Darfur. When the project, which was awarded a mark of B-, failed to find any significant relationship between the two figures, it was concluded that regular exercise and physical activity do not have any influence on bringing an end to the African conflict.

Steve Bashir, president of the U of A chapter of the organization, expressed his surprise upon failing to find a direct correlation between the fitness of the group's members and the political climate of the nation's civil war.

"I'm shocked—absolutely shocked," Bashir explained. "Our walkers spend months of the year training for this day. To find out that our efforts have been all for naught is just so disheartening. I even bought a pair of brand new pair of Nike Shox this year. You know, the ones with, like, the shocks? Rad, right? "They're made in China, but I thought my good karma from walking

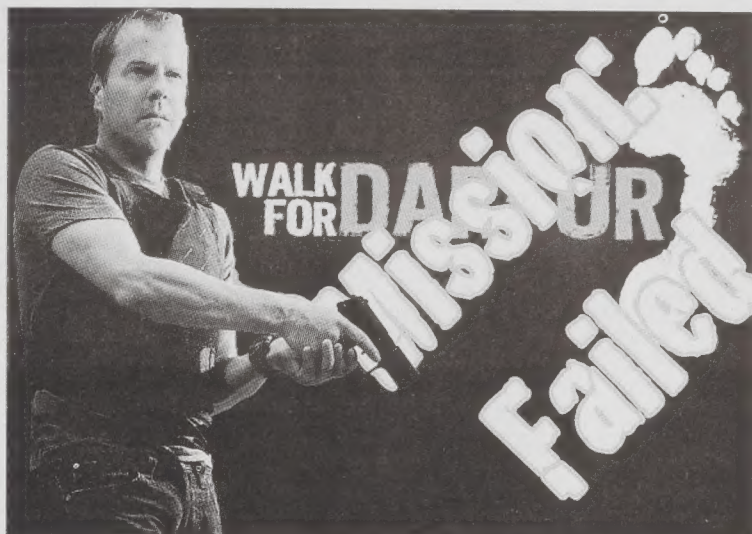


PHOTO SHOPPED BY MR SWIFT

YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME Jack Bauer knows a gun is the only way to get it done.

would balance it out," he added, rummaging through the garbage for a Sport Chek receipt.

Despite the study's findings, which have now been published in several kinesiology journals, some participants remain unfazed by the claims.

"How can you even call these findings scientific?" questioned Amber Kentfield, who has taken part in the walk for the past two years. "If our nation's scientists can prove that 9/11 was an inside job, then clearly, there must be some link for us too."

As a result of the findings, Bashir has called off this year's walk. However, he

explained that the organization is currently in the process of trying to come up with a more effective method to achieve their goals.

"We haven't settled on any one solution. We're really branching out and trying to brainstorm a multitude of ideas that will bring a direct and tangible end to the travesty occurring in Darfur. So far, we have people engaging in gymnastics, calisthenics, and Tae Bo. A couple of members have even launched a hunger awareness campaign titled 'Competitive Eating for Darfur,'" Bashir said.

"We're trying to get that Japanese hot dog fellow involved."

UASUS exec narrowly avoids dissolution

J CONEHEAD TEARS
More Irish than Barack O'bama

Despite numerous attempts by Vice President (Enchancery) John Braga throughout the semester, the University of Alberta Science Undergraduate Society (UASUS) executives have still refused to dissolve.

"My initial plan was to use water," Braga said. "I pushed them into a pool in the hopes that they would dissolve, but they proved to be insoluble. We now plan to move onto harsher solvents, such as hydrochloric acid and fire, in the hopes that they'll be more effective."

But though preliminary tests on a random sample of Science students suggest that the executive will indeed

dissolve when exposed to acid, Braga's trouble now lies in getting the UASUS executive to willingly climb into one of his homemade acid vats. But while they may have refused to cooperate in their own demise, Braga is confident that he'll get them eventually.

"We've begun construction on a number of acid pits as well as some fire holes around campus. These will then be covered with various rugs, tree branches, and cardboard cleverly disguised as ground," Braga explained. "We are also looking into the possibility of filling random rooms, including the currently vacant SUBspace, with fire."

Naturally, there has been some concern that other students could fall prey to Braga's traps. However, Braga feels

that they've taken appropriate countermeasures to ensure that this doesn't occur.

"We're placing free tickets to UASUS pubcrawls on top of each pit covering," he detailed. "This should be enough to deter most students from going near them, and will have the added benefit of weeding out friends and family of UASUS executive members—which studies show are the leading cause of UASUS's continued existence."

Thus far all UASUS executive members have failed to dissolve, though their constitution has been personally dissolved with fire by Braga. When asked to comment on the issue, a representative for UASUS claimed that the organization was unaware of such a document's existence.

CAMPUS TIME BEAT

Compiled by BOATBOATBOAT

CAN'T WE SETTLE THIS LIKE MEN?

At 8am on 7 September, 1885, deputies heard gunshots and found a male student shot in the back on University main street. They soon found the perpetrator, who is well known to the campus sheriff's office, bragging about the act in the student saloon. While regaling the barkeep with the tale and boasting that he "does his killing before breakfast," the deputies made the arrest without incident. It turns out this tragic event was caused by an argument over the perpetrator's hat.

HERE TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

At a little after 10am on 8 October, 1972, a student reported that his handheld electronic calculator had vanished from

SUB. He was away from his study area for a mere five minutes when the theft occurred. Campus Security is reminding all students never to leave belongings unattended, especially new high-end electronical gadgetry.

SOMETHINGS NEVER CHANGE

At about 2pm on 29 November, 2028, a female student studying in Rutherford Virtual reported seeing a male user's avatar masturbating in the stacks. By the time e5-0 was informed of the activity, he had logged off from the virtual library. An attempt at tracing the furious fapper proved fruitless.

DON'T STEP ON ANY BUTTERFLIES

At about 2am on 17 July, 2094, Campus Hypersecurity responded to an alarm at the time research lab in CTRI. By the time they arrived, they found the perpetrator handcuffed with a note attached, that was apparently filled out by a future Campus Time Security member. Time Police, in the

year 2145, claim to have received an alarm about misuse of chronotechnology and upon arriving in December 2088, found the man attempting to seduce a younger version of himself. He was handed over to Thought Services for rehabilitation, and the Department of Time Research has been warned to better secure their equipment in the future, present, and past.

HOME IS WHERE THE TENTACLES ARE

At 3am on 4 March, 3029, a resident of Newton Place 5.0 noticed a slimy green creature in one of the turbostairwells. Campus Space Security arrived and determined that the creature was a homeless Starlaxian. It was found to have two cans of BrewRocket in its possession. The sauced squidlike creature was given a notice for trespassing and taken to the spaceport for deportation back to its homeworld. It's currently uncertain what effect this incident will have on the U of A's attempts to reach that coveted 30th spot in the coming year.



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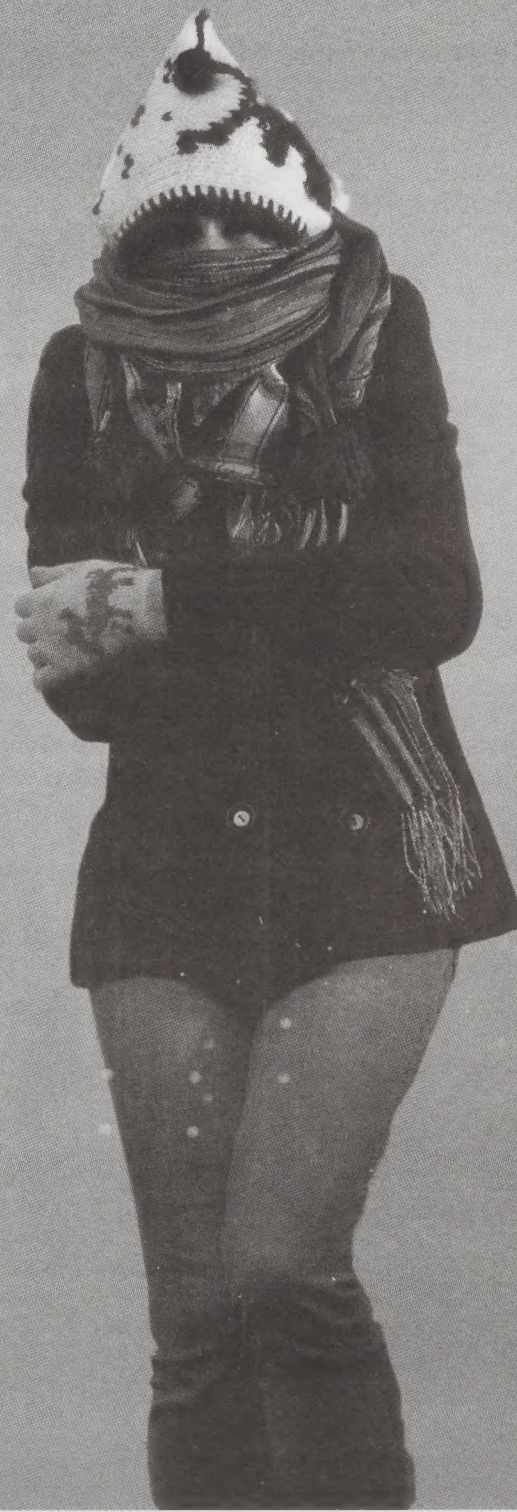
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Shit, our heating is broken.



Look at me—I'm fighting the man

SO ONCE AGAIN WE, AS A CAMPUS COMMUNITY, have been spoon-fed the tripe of our dear leader Dr Endearing Cameraobscura, as her and her faithful cronies have trudged head-first into yet another blatant attempt at getting our university in the headlines.

It wasn't enough to waste countless tonnes of money on the initial Dare to Discover plan; now, they've prolonged the root-canaled ass-rapery of the campaign by another millennium. Like seriously, what the fuck?

Meanwhile, the so-called head of the student body, President Jamhands Mormon, has surprised no one by sitting complacently with utter complacency in an act of redundancy so travesty-ridden that it has literally made my head spin. I guess she's been so busy writing cue-cards for her vice presidents to read from in all their interviews that she hasn't had much time for a little thing called "advocacy." Boo-yeah!

And what's the deal with SUBspace anyways? Have you seen how that lame-ass shit is working lately? It's more like "SUB-wasted-space." Am I right? Fuck yeah, bitches!

But let's not put all of the blame on the university. Just because I tend to inherently disagree with every action and decision that our leaders take doesn't mean that they're bad people. I may be right all the time, but I can't hold them accountable for all their misgivings. Although I was raised with an infallible sense of cynicism towards the world around me, I can't reasonably expect that everyone else's parents are that responsible. If they were, we wouldn't be having to lock our doors and protest violent video games whenever one of those little shits gets abducted. What I'm trying to say here is that every problem can be solved by blaming someone else's parents. My logic is irrefutable. Boom goes the dynamite!

Finally, I'd ask that the whole lot of you ignoramuses would stop looking at me cock-eyed when passing me on campus. I know I may come off as abrasive and something of a "jack-off know-it-all," but let's face it, as a fifth-year student, I have more knowledge of the world than any of you insolent little shits ever will. Even when I'm twice my age, I'll look back upon how great my opinions were today and wish the rest of the world could be as enlightened as me. There's nothing wrong with being right, after all.

IMMORTAL STALLION KING GOD VII
(Sorry, Skip)

What else could we be? All apologies

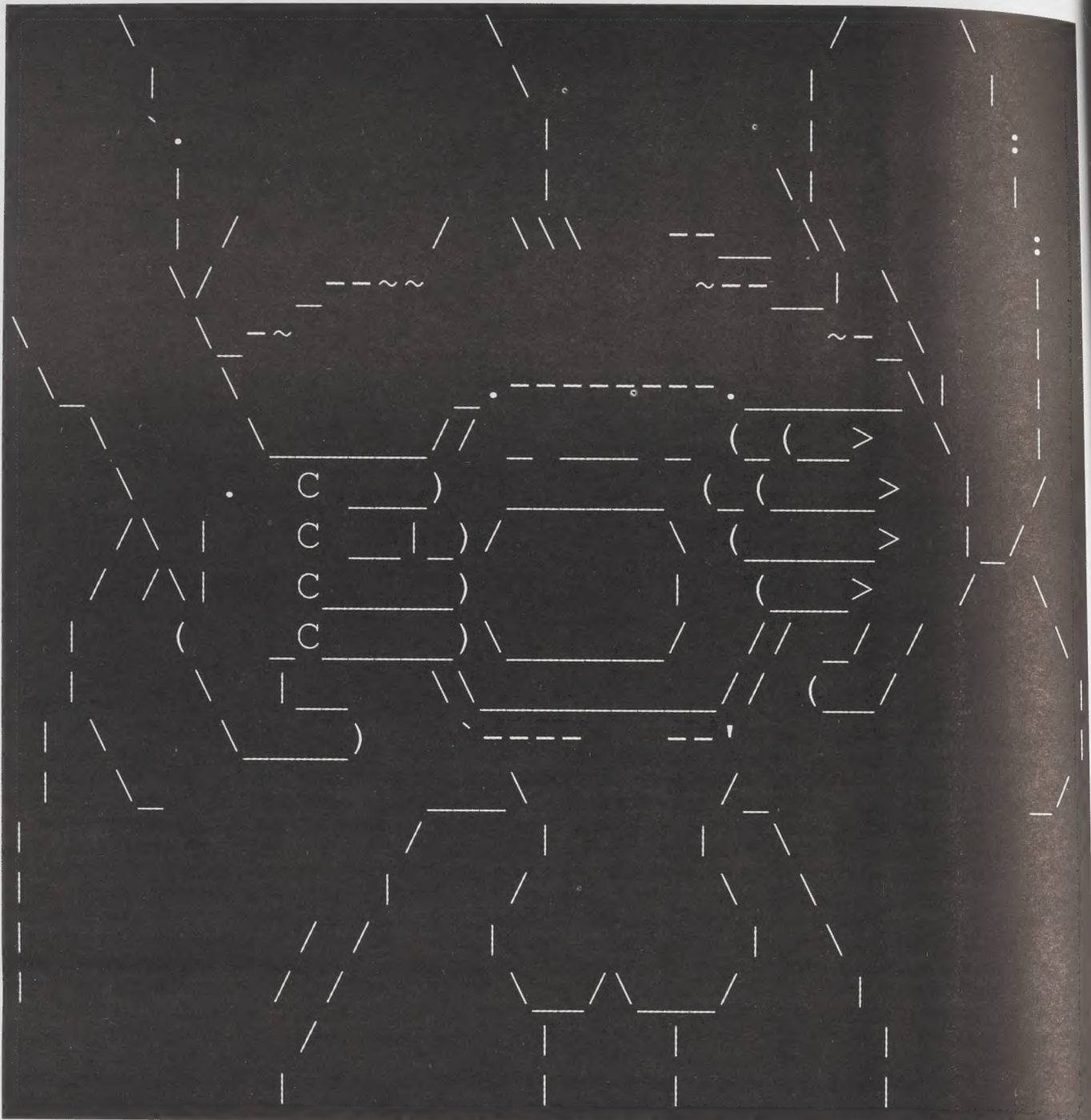
SO HERE IT IS, THE ONE AND ONLY SERIOUS piece in this godforsaken heap of dick jokes and fart whistles. In case you haven't realized by now—and if you haven't, you need to seriously reconsider how trusting you are of media—this entire thing has been a joke.

We don't actually support or believe any of the ridiculous bullshit. It's running wild on this news rag like a child hyped up on power rangers and pixie sticks, and sometimes the little bastard managed to get away from us, but we still feel that these are some enjoyable lies. This is our disclaimer, take it as you will.

Our only intention is to entertain you, and if we failed to do that, well, fuck you—and don't act like you weren't offended up until now. Hopefully you get some mild enjoyment out of some of our pictures, or you can always masturbate to some of our more objectionable ad content—whatever floats your boat.

But before you violently reach into your backpack and begin strangling a pen, take a moment to relax, and understand that nothing inside these pages can actually hurt you. It's not real, little one; the world is still going to exist as you know it tomorrow. That goes double for you, Indira.

MOBILE HEARSE
Managing to be the voice of reason



RETRIEVED VIA SERIES OF TUBES

DISSINS'
Keep me out of your lame little ceremony debate

Hi, folks. God here. I've been following your little debate over whether or not my name should be included in your convocation speech, and I guess I should add my two cents worth: I'm against it. Now, don't get me wrong; I don't have anything against stamping my name onto unwilling atheists and misguided non-me-worshippers who will burn in the fiery pits of hell for all eternity after they matriculate. I'm all for that.

No, I just don't feel it's right to apply my name to a group of graduates when I don't even have my degree. I really meant to finish it, I swear—I finished a couple years of my Bachelor of Science before realizing that biological studies weren't really my thing, so I slid down into Arts with a major in ethics.

I soon started to lose motivation, and had this really annoying 9am class on the seventh day when all I wanted to do was rest. And then there was the whole thing where I got this Mary chick pregnant and had to drop out for a couple of years to work two jobs and support her—even though I'm pretty sure I wasn't the only one dipping my toes in her holy water, if you know what I'm saying. Plus, there was just so much to do and one thing led to another and, well, I'll finish those last nine credits one of these days, I swear.

So, yeah, using my name in your speech just doesn't seem honest.

And while I may be a murderous, rampaging, psychopathic deity, especially if you're reading the Old Testament, I still think that honesty is the best policy. You should check with Vishnu—that jerk got his diploma last year and hasn't stopped bugging me about it since.

GOD
Via burning bush

Smut quality dropping

I'm shocked and appalled. You're on a slippery slope and you're sliding fast, *Getaway*. There was a time when my pornography budget was zero—zero! Your fine advertisements provided, in years gone by, ample masturbatory material most Tuesdays and Thursdays, but those days are gone—gone! Now I'm forced to surf Google images for hours on end to satisfy every eccentricity of my morally blinding, perverse urges.

Don't cave to public pressure. Don't submit to the CBC's douchebag ways—the key is to have more skin in your advertisements, not less. Take, for instance, the *Getaway*'s recent use of ads from such racy bars as the Condiment and Rust Donkey. Now, *they* knew how to put a pair of kitten cannons up for inspection. You would do well, *Getaway*, to strive for their perfect standards.

I, for one, would be more likely to visit the student distress centre if their ads had topless babes wearing nothing but telephone cords for g-strings and a handful of bacon grease.

Put the "cum" back in *Quaecumque*

Vera. And by that, I mean "help me help you, help me put my cum back on the pages of your fine publication."

JACK MEOFF
Book fucking IV

Faaaalconnnnnn PUNCH!

I feel that it's time for me, and people like me, receive more recognition. Not enough is being done about the wild animals terrorizing students on this campus, and I was crucified in this publication for taking a stand against their tyranny. You see, I am the pigeon killer. I was forced to kill it in self-defence after coming between it and its young.

Earlier this month, another hero, like myself, had the gall to kill a black bear with nothing but a stick. But while my weapons of choice were nothing but my bare hands and a garbage can, I feel that my deed was no less noble.

We are a dying breed, us animal killers. We suffer public humiliation for our actions, but when d-day hits and you have no one left with the balls to throw out the trash, who will you call? It's a question of man versus nature, and I will not let nature win.

PROFESSOR UPPERCUT
forward, down, forward, punch

Convocation deserves a better God to glorify

Ho now, mortals! I understand your petty thirst for equality and religious tolerance, but decree it to be unnecessary and ridiculous. Strike God

from your convocation ceremony so that instead you may add me and bask in the supple, well-tanned, Mediterranean glory of I, Zeus.

When Jesus was still a baby, I was roaming the countryside, tapping hot babes while in the form of a bull. Talk to me when your saviour can convince a girl to get down and nasty with a 2000 pound cow—Mexican sideshows don't count.

Plus, I throw lightning, bitches.

ZEUS
Mythology III

Sobey's ads foodist

As a long-time reader and staunch non-anthropocentrist, I've been disappointed to witness your recent Sobey's ads which have shamelessly and tastelessly objectified food products as mere objects of human consumption. These advertisements portray food and food accessories as nothing more than a means for human sustenance, completely ignoring their interests.

The recent advert offering half-price apples is a prime example of this—"selling" implies ownership. For shame. You can't just own a fruit, man—it's a thing of nature.

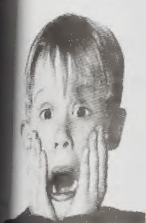
FRANCIS FLOWERCHILDE
Culinary Ethics II

Letters to the editor should not be centered around the convocation issue. Seriously, I'm tired of reading and editing them. There are, like, three positions you could take on it. It's been done. Weak. Step the fuck back, already.

Death match: atheist versus agnostic

Religious beliefs are irrational, bigoted delusions we must destroy

Leave me alone—I don't care



GROADY
SHITTIERO

Aaaaaaaarrrggghhh!

Christians—who typically don't bother to read any of the arguments against them, let alone their own religious texts—keep claiming that morality can't exist without God. While I may be morally reprehensible, at least when I do lines out of a hooker's ass-crack I'm not being a hypocrite. I'm not sorry for knowing that I have a penis, but you should be for pretending that you don't and acting like you do.

Do you really still need a reason to hate religion? Try getting circumcized when you're already eight years old and aren't given anesthetics.

But that's typical western "spirituality" for you—always ashamed of the human dong unless a priest is taking a kid's confessions. Always assuming the worst in other people to justify relishing in the thought of their eternal torment. Little do they know that they're self-imposing hell on themselves by feeling guilty over a nice morning wank-off before showering in their own tears. They reap what they sow.

As we head into the holiday season, we can expect plenty of boring Jesus-speak, and whatever it is Muslims and Jews do, to interrupt our ability to celebrate the true meaning of Christmas—the birth of Santa. Which brings me to the real reason I'm writing this now—the war on the "holidays." Some of us just want to get drunk on eggnog and alienate our disgusting family members for a few weeks out of the year. Enough emotional blackmail, nutjobs-of-the-book. You can't stop me from impregnating your girlfriend and getting her to tell you it's a virgin birth.



JONNY
ROUGHNECK

What's the point?

As someone who is undoubtedly of sound mind, you provide a coherent and well-thought-out discourse. Your denouncing of religion and the trained-dog-rape, sentient vegetable-based troubles that go along with it are clearly stated and valiantly argued. However, as an agnostic, I really just don't care, because everything you say can't be proven, just like how nothing the religious folks say can either. So fuck off and such.

Seriously, fuck off.

Sorry, but the reason most people wouldn't support an atheist presidential candidate is that he can't prove anything, just like all the religious ones. It's not prejudice—it's just the fact that none of this can be proven, so we should stop trying.

"Empirical scientific evidence, as I assume Richard Dawkins has pointed out, has definitively disproved the existence of any form of spiritual being." I'd have to disagree.

"I just wanted to say that when I do lines out of a hooker's ass-crack, at least I'm not being a hypocrite." Can't say I buy that.

"As we head into the holiday season, we can expect plenty of boring Jesus-speak, and whatever Muslims and Jews do, to interrupt our ability to celebrate the true meaning of Christmas—the birth of Santa." Sorry, no.

Seriously, leave me alone, you prick. I'm trying to eat lunch. Go back to bothering your own "friends" by talking about atheism all the time.

THE BURLAP SWEATER

You know that feeling you get when you have a bad case of crabs, and those little suckers just latch on and go to town? It's the one where you just can't stop scratching that area right above your johnson. Yeah, I got that feeling right now—but it's all over my body.

See, I was feeling pretty cold and I've refused to pay my heating bill for the past four months (fuck you, ATCO), so I went rummaging through my drawers to try and locate that God-awful red, white, and green abortion of a sweater that my grandma bought me for Christmas—only problem is, I couldn't find the damn thing.

Long story short, after searching for a blanket or, well, anything to keep me from turning into a human popsicle, I had to resort to throwing the burlap bag that my potatoes came in over my torso. In fact, I've got the word "Idaho" draped across my chest like some kind of jackass.

And, good God, is this thing itchy! I've got enough red dots across my back, chest, and stomach to match the profile of a dorky teenager suffering through a life-threatening acne outbreak. Why couldn't they have stored my potatoes in something more comfortable like a Crown Royal bag? That shit's so comfortable it pretty much gives me an insta-boner. But it's not like I can take off the burlap sweater; otherwise I'll just go back to being cold—you can see the bind I'm in.

So, fuck 19th century India for originally exporting burlap to this country without considering how itchy it would make me feel. Also, instead of asking me for \$200 a month, why doesn't the ATCO guy try strapping this shit to his chest and tell me that I fucking need to pay for temperature regulation in my own home. Asshole.

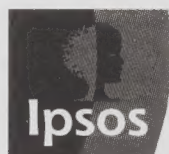
DICK SAUCE

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Twilight fans embrace libertarianism

MONN
STERMASH



When comprehending the underlying motives behind the widespread resurgence in the popularity of vampires, we must realize that the romantic desire in *Twilight* is driven by factors that are intrinsically political. Many of the screaming preteen girls don't fully comprehend the social ideals they validate and support when they idolize a 108-year-old bloodsucking teenager.

These frenzied followers must understand that before they cut their necks and bleed for Edward, beneath the allure of the fangs, pale white skin, and fanatical bloodlust, there exists a philosophy that betrays more support for those politics than our system of representation would like to imply. Carnal relationships between undead minions of the damned and teenage girls, as well as our overall attraction to vampires, are more often than not, heavy-handed depictions of libertarian ideals. If you've cheered on Bela Lugosi, Nosferatu, or Count Chocula, you've advocated that philosophy.

While vampires are inherently immoral forces of evil, they are also undeniable representations of the individual, living by their own means in their hilltop castle, separated from the external fiscal, political, and social constructs that the Transylvanian state forces upon the terrified

peasant masses. Though they appear to be socially shunned, this only serves to establish them as a separate agent—exempt from the outside cultural forces—that only participates and involves themselves in the greater authoritative “state,” as it were, when it suits their needs—such as their maniacal thirst for hemoglobin and when creating a nightmarish and morose blight on the land.

Unfortunately, the efforts of the state to attack their personal sovereignty by forming torch-wielding lynch mobs and storming the castle in the dead of night only serves to isolate these ideological vigilantes even further, as the throngs support a brazen anarcho-syndicalist agenda that believes that workers who haven't been sucked dry of plasma can band together and enact revolutionary change.

However, vampires such as Blade can use their powers to protect the citizens, in a fashion parallel to a minarchistic “night watchman state”—maintaining law and order, and defending the rights of moral agents so as to live unmolested thanks to Whistler's serum.

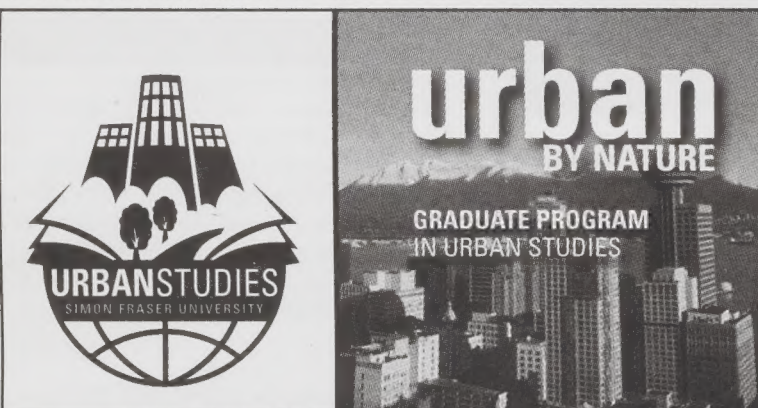
Meanwhile, other vampires exist in a more independently minded “night watchman state”—by which they arise from their crypt to watch citizens at night, then swoop in to rip out their

Adam's Apple and feast on their entire five pints of life.

Other undead creatures advocate variations of a libertarian ideal. For example, Count von Count advocates a strict, uncompromising objectivist viewpoint on counting. When he claimed that he had “three—three bats,” he would unquestionably follow his initial statement with “four—four bats,” in stark opposition to the number of bats that the contemporary overriding authorities ruling Sesame Street demanded him to calculate. Self-regulation leads him to an ethical choice that was actively at odds with the policy of the state.

I find this all to be incredibly fascinating. Who would have thought that an innocently voyeuristic interest in the ardour of bloodthirsty man-boy cadavers could be incorporated to fit into an overreaching political ideal? Despite *Twilight*'s popularity among teenage girls, vampires maintain a broad appeal and their actions seem intrinsically romanticized and erotic to the bulk of people of all ages, races, income levels, and political persuasions.

More often than not, it takes hyperbole, artistic license, exaggeration, and an ability to stretch concepts past what others find reasonably plausible, to help you uncover truths about the real world.



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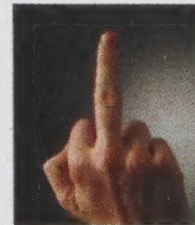
www.sfu.ca/urban



YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT Don't tell me not to appear in my underwear; I'm my own man

I'll do what I goddamn well please, lady

DAMN HE'S
FIERSE



That's right, I don't need to take this crap anymore. You've always told me that I'm too immature, so guess what? I'm going to act like a goddamn man and stop listening to your advice—well, aside from that first bit of advice. I don't care if you think that I don't shower enough, or that I smell like pepper—from now on I'm making like Fleetwood Mac and

“going my own way.”

No more wasting cups instead of just drinking milk from the carton like our forefathers did. Maybe your mother breastfed you from a cup, but my people go straight for the breast. And another thing: what's so wrong about using your fingers to eat peanut butter? Sometimes you just don't feel like bread. There's nothing wrong with that. It's not like I'm using it to seduce your dog or anything; I'm just conveniently getting it from the jar to my mouth.

Stop trying to change me. Who cares if I still wear boxers with Spider-Man on them, or if I take my *Call of Duty* rank seriously—I'm a goddamn sergeant, and I will not tolerate insubordination. If this were Stalingrad, I'd

have a good mind to shoot you for being a traitor.

Besides, what all do you really do for me anyways? You never go along with my fantasies, even on my birthday. So what if slave girl Princess Leia and Harry Potter are from two different fantasy universes? This is the kind of thing I'm in to, and you knew that coming into this.

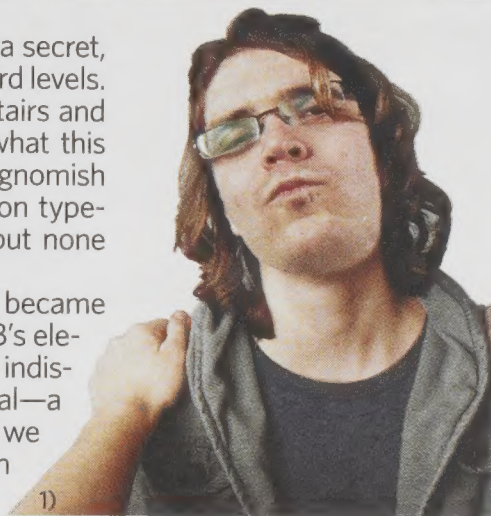
From this day forward, I'm high-jacking this relationship and taking it in strange and wonderful directions. This is the service road running parallel to the highway to the danger zone, and if you can't handle that, well, then, please don't leave me baby. I'll do anything you say, I just can't handle being alone right now.

Being Steven Dollansky

Written by Steven Dollansky
Photos by Steven Dollansky

Since its construction, there have been rumours of a secret, hidden floor within SUB between the second and third levels. And though this region was inaccessible by both stairs and firemen's poles, it didn't stop people wondering what this fabled spot contained. Rumours of treasure, a gnomish amusement park, and rooms filled with monkeys on typewriters churning out university policy abounded, but none could be as strange as the truth.

For the first time in nearly 30 years, this floor became accessible due to the accidental repair of one of SUB's elevators. What we found here was a door, small and indistinct, that led to a place both horrible and fantastical—a place beyond all comprehension and sanity. What we found was a passageway into the mind of one Steven Dollansky. This is what we saw.



1) Being a ladykiller, Dollansky is known to kill normal human women, he only sees himself reflected in their eyes—and more often, in their face.

2) Steve coerces a stubbornly lodged popcorn kernel out of his molar.

3) After 40–50 minutes of early-morning self-admiration to the tune of Wham's "Jitterbug (Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go)," Dollansky is ready to conquer the world.

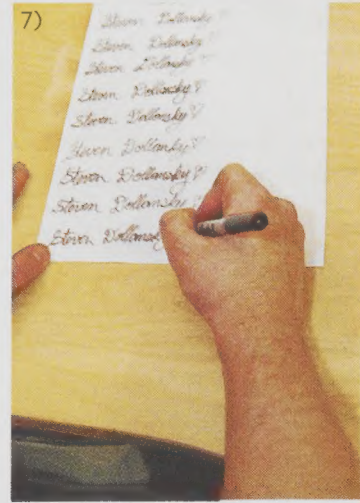
4) Steven Dollansky is a man of business...

5) ...and a man of wrath.

6) But that doesn't mean that he doesn't take a little "me" time to reflect on his personal hygiene.

7) Dollansky must practice signing his name in cursive several times before signing gag orders and death warrants.

8) The reason Steve works so hard for students is that he sees himself in each one of their smiling faces—literally.



8)

AC SLATER

2hip2Bsquare@getaway.ualberta.ca • Too fucking cool to give you the time of day

SHIT BE HAPPENIN'

Fight!

Today at 3:15pm
Behind the bleachers
You're going to pay

Oh man! So Conal was like, "Jonn, do you know where I put my donair?" And Jonn was all like, "I ate it, bitch. What are you going to do about it?" So now it's totally on! Behind the bleachers, at the flagpole, there will be mano-a-mano destruction of epic proportions.

Conal has a definite reach advantage due to his long arms, but Jonn has been playing *Street Fighter* since childhood. Both are in their prime and competition is sure to be fierce and merciless.

But are moustache contest politics secretly motivating Jonn's outright disrespect for Conal's constitutional right to consume a delicious, pita-wrapped package of rotating slab-meat? Was Jonn's defeat at the hands of Conal more than he could take, and will the only thing now capable of satiating his thirst for victory be a daring round of fisticuffs? Two men enter, one man leaves—and goes to Marco's.

SU Annual Food Smash

Wednesday, 3 December at 4pm
Quad
The price of your dignity

To protest the rising cost of food and low food-bank donations this holiday season, the SU will again host its annual food smash. Two tonnes of canned food and a starving African child will be dropped 40m onto a rusty cube van filled with pumpkin pies.

The canned goods, the van, and the child will all be spraypainted with the word "starvation" to symbolize the complete destruction of hunger through the act.

"We felt that the spraypaint may help some of the dimmer bulbs figure out what exactly we're doing," said Students' Union President Jamhands Mormon.

"It wasn't totally necessary, but not everyone's as sharp as us here at the SU. If we have to mentally walk a couple people through the logic of the whole thing, then that's a burden we're willing to bear."

Once the pallet comes crashing down, the entire mass will be instantly incinerated in pyrotechnics to symbolize the burning greed and frugality of the middle class.

Mormon added that "that shit's going to go off like Indira after reading the Macleans' University Rankings."

Skeet: Le Climax

Friday, 5 December at 7pm
APFAPFAP gallery

Never before has man so perfectly distilled his essence, his raison d'être, his shames, his humiliations, and his triumphs than with the delicacy of John Longshot and his controversial art series: Le Climax.

Longshot's career reached its own frightening climax in the mid '80s when he and a group of models were arrested for publicly performing his masterpiece known only as the "21-gun salute."

After successfully fighting public indecency charges, Longshot fled to New York, where, for the past 30 years, his art has reached a new zenith of creativity and influence, greatly due, he himself admits, to the wealth of homeless masturbators—or muses, as he calls them—that take public transit.

His stop in Edmonton will be a temporary glimpse of manhood's brilliant, skyrocketing, achievements, captured in painting and on film in a way most would ever dare to dream or day-dream of.

A night of gonadal fortitude

Any time
Any place

10 fat chicks.

JEAN ALLOY
Gourd Molester



L33T PEE

Metalheads favour hooker literacy, cocaine

assholepreview

White Copious Satan and the Grinding

with Carpathian Panda, Hammer Toboggan, and Auction of the Placenta

Wednesday, 3 December at 7pm
The Starlite Broom Closet (10030-102 St, up the stairs, next to the furnace room)
Take-a-penny tray at the door

TIMON YACKETTYACK
Some people call him Disney

Joseph "White Copious Satan" Johnson is a man who lives, breathes, and bleeds metal. Screaming at me from across the table in our interview in the back room of a dive pub on the outskirts of Moose Jaw, this flame-tarist—an instrument Johnson constructed himself out of an ordinary guitar and a flamethrower—explains to me how you need to live for the moment—especially when you're paying by the minute.

"Hurry the fuck up, we're already paying this damn hooker—and it's by the hour, you know?" Johnson bellows, while hurriedly snapping his

fingers. "The touring lifestyle man—hookers, blow, signing shit for our fans, breakin' shit—it's awesome. Just don't print that—my mom might read this."

He hints at his sentimental nature, but everything from his sharpened teeth to his pectoral tattoo of a minotaur lets you know that White Copious Satan and the Grinding are anything but saps.

"We are modern metal. Make sure you coherently explain to the reading public just how fucking metal we are," interjects bassist Julian "Spoon of Death" Williams, as a large wet stain grows on the front of his pants. "Our new album is the seven-legged horse of doom, crushing women and children beneath its hooves of wrath. But it's melodic too—we're beating your ears to death with guitars while covering their grave with some beautiful shit. Like, real fuckin' beautiful."

The band members that make up the Grinding then began to take turns with their female guest while the odd-man-out filled me in on the experiences the band has been having with their new North American tour. Of their ten stops so far, the only problems they have ran into have been at the three shows they actually played.

"The only problems we ever get are at the shows, you know, after we introduce ourselves and actually take out our instruments," Williams

adds, pausing as he inhales deeply out of a jerry-can. "But fuck all those critics who leave. I don't need them. I love sticking around after the show, meeting new friends and crucial bros."

At that point, vocalist Eric "Convoluting Penis" Smith came, relieving Williams of his interviewing duties. Smith then switches conversational gears from politics to music after toweling off. He asserts that the band puts deep thought into their lyrical content, which is driven by their commitment to adult literacy.

"Despite our rugged, apocalyptic appearance, we actually have a softer side that many people don't see. We believe that reading should be a right, not a privilege, for all streetwalkers, which is why we're devoted to hooker literacy," Smith explains. "Whether it be reading a great novel to their trick or taking a mack daddy to an imaginary wonderland before they go to bed and bang, it's a very human activity."

Smith then rolled over and continued reading the band's illiterate female guest excerpts from *The Pokey Little Puppy* as her head smacked repeatedly into the bed's headboard.

"We want to make sure that our fans know that White Copious Satan and the Grinding are not just staunch believers in gasoline, cocaine, and whores. We're also staunch believers in whore social programs."

Chinese Democracy CD Party boots Hudemagogue

uselessviewpoints

Chinese Democracy Album Release Party

With Ike Hudemagogue's Antics

You missed it

Douche City Compound (downtown's anus)

THE MAN FORMERLY KNOWN AS TENTACLE
HAired MAN-BEAST
I still have a manly neck, goddamn it

In a move that has completely killed the buzz of fellow slacktivists and people who act like they're making a difference, former U of A law student and graduate of the Greenpeace School of Self-Righteousness Ike Hudemagogue was among several protestors ejected from the Douche City Compound during last week's Edmonton-based album release party of Guns N' Roses long-delayed, feverishly unanticipated album *Chinese Democracy*.

After traveling to the party to rally against the album's insensitivities and apparent beef with the band Tibet, video footage was captured of a drunk, disorderly Hudemagogue being dragged by security forces out of the institution as he

screamed that the effort was a "human rights travesty" and was "considerably shittier than *Use Your Illusion*." Hudemagogue and his fellow shit-disturbers were then interrogated by bouncing authorities and were eventually deported out of the establishment through the alleyway exit.

Hudemagogue explained to the *Getaway* that though he was not physically injured by the brutal tactics, he was emotionally shaken by their treatment, but vowed to fight on for the sake of freedom.

"Guns N' Roses have enacted terrible crimes upon mankind before, but this may be their gravest injustice to date," the brute explains. "This has been occurring since I was only 11 years old and GNR was in their prime. I know as much about their music as I do about the historical intricacies of Chinese political oppression. It's unjust for an album proposing that the Chinese are democratic to be released when Tibet is still suffering maltreatment by not being included as a backing band on GNR's upcoming worldwide tour."

"In addition to this, where the fuck are the good songs?" Hudemagogue adds. "Seriously, 'Shackler's Revenge?' It took 17 years for them to make, and we just get a bunch of Axl Rose shattering wine glasses with his grating high-pitched squeal and the guitarists'

masturbatory solos. This type of creative jacking-off should be sanctioned against in the Geneva Conventions."

However, authorities from the People's Democratic Republic of Chinese Democracy took offence to Hudemagogue's comments and asserted that the club had acted within the confines of international law to remove the activist from the premises.

"Ike Hudemagogue didn't respect the laws of Axl Rose's album's release parties, and as such, the officials felt it necessary to deport him from the party so he would not disturb the other four patrons enjoying themselves," explained Axl Rose, Guns N' Roses' vocalist and a man with an unfortunately terminal detachment from reality.

"After consultation with my esteemed associate Buckethead, we believe that any legal action against the country would not be fruitful or wise for Mr Hudemagogue, as I have no money left anyway and it may convince me to mercilessly release another artistic masterpiece upon the world sometime within the next twenty years."

Rose added: "YEAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!" as a furious assault of power chords and drum fills launched the band into the first verse.

Jason Statham will kill you for your dowry

mediocreview

Pride & Extreme Prejudice

Directed by Michael Bay
Starring Jason Statham, Keira Knightley, and Seth Rogan
Playing at your local romantic drama Grindhouse
Should be much more than a halfpence for entry, but only if you're a DJ.

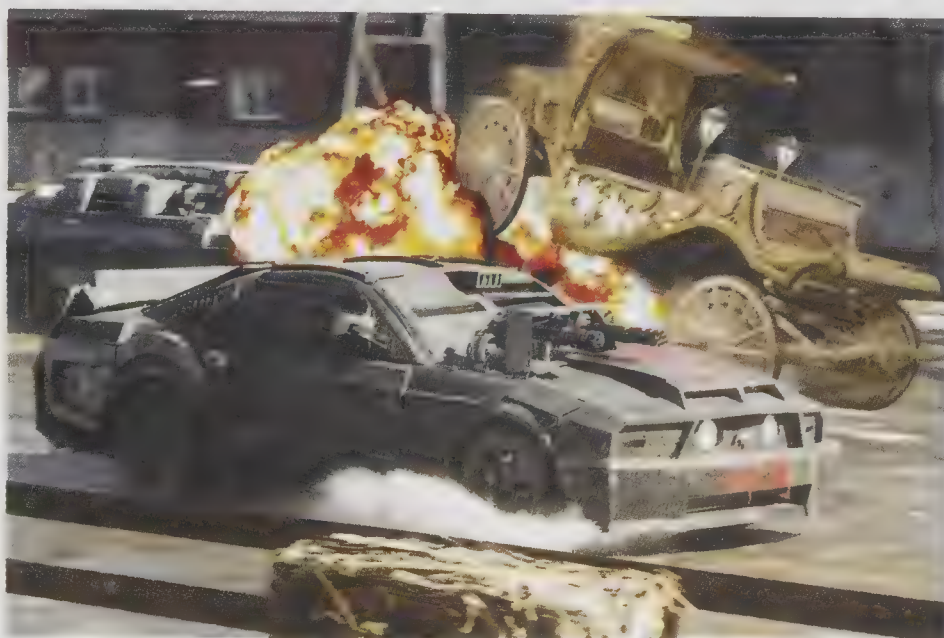
GRAVITY PIERCE
The Generator

Jason Statham is an enigma. The man, who in the past has seemingly acquiesced to be cast as a veritable parade of dramatic personae, delivers in *Pride and Prejudice* the performance of his career. Though modern takes on classic literature are oftentimes doomed to failure, this is an adaptation of Jane Austen's timeless romantic ode that shall shine out like the dawn in the annals of film history.

"It's really unfortunate that they're missing this, because at the end, I am anti-mixtape. I don't know no mixtape DJs. If you're a mixtape DJ, fuck ya. I am pissed off at the mixtape game. They suckin' my dick but won't let me cum."

LIL WAYNE

RAPPER/LOLLIPOP CONNOISSEUR



TYKE HANDTRUCK

Knightly). Though Mr Darcy is indeed the star of the film, Statham plays the character with such noble reserve and emotional detachment—which, albeit, he's wont to do—but here it serves as a gray backdrop upon which the light of the female characters can shine brilliantly, rather than as a sign of an inability to act.

His cold resolve is clearly presented in his first appearance, where, rather than dance with the lovely Elizabeth, he chooses instead to stand in the corner and battle masked men. She, of course, takes this as an affront, not realizing that Mr Darcy's flurry of roundhouses are merely a façade, developed to protect his inner vulnerability.

Fortuitously, this film presents a plot that both men and women alike can enjoy in quiet comfort. While it does delve quite deeply into the inner machinations of Elizabeth's psyche, her poignant observations and narrative are subtly nuanced by Mr Darcy's uproarious antics.

The film classically juxtaposes the intense passion of a furious tête-à-tête between Elizabeth

and Lady Catherine de Burg (Seth Rogan), whilst cutting back to a frenzied 12mph carriage chase in which Mr Darcy uses his high-indestructible barouche to best his lesser opponents. The action rises to a crescendo, at which point Statham unceremoniously crashes his flaming chariot through the wall of the cottage—which explodes into an inferno—before brushing himself off and uncouthly taking a biscuit from Elizabeth's plate.

But despite Statham's brilliant sword-fights in which he eviscerates a host of armed adversaries with little else but a parasol, Elizabeth's skillful loquaciousness and biting wit are sharper than any swordsman's blade.

Truly, this is a tale of courtship at its finest, demonstrating fully the weight of societal expectations on the individual without succumbing to pedantry. Rather than quagmire itself in social fancy, the rules of attraction are communicated on a raw, visceral level, where the exposed flesh of the stars speaks what a thousand words never could.



STUFF NOBODY LISTENS TO
SPINNIN' RIGHT ROUND BABY

- 1. CRACKER OF THE GREED**
Ode of the Infected Koala
(Aussie Disease Records)
- 2. RAPE FACTORY**
We Are Tactful
(Prim and Proper Records)
- 3. TOWEL COP AND THE HOBO**
Clean Windshields Need Newspapers
(Drunken Pushup Guy Records)
- 4. RENEGADE REVEREND**
The Gospel According to My Glock
(Christ's 9mm Justice)
- 5. TOM FRANCIS FEROCIOUS**
Winter 500000
(Independent Hipster Basement)
- 6. SHILLINGBACK**
Gotta Be Somebody That's A D-Bag
(Radio-Friendly Records)
- 7. ADORABLE FLESH**
The Cutest Little Pulp Nubbin Ever
(Skinbulb)
- 8. SPANKING TSUNAMI**
Red-Bottomed Domination
(Hemorrhoid Lancer)
- 9. FLANNEL CRUSADE**
A Sensitive Man's Lament
(Whiny Cardigan-Sporting Trend Records)
- 10. PRISONER PLUNGER**
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(Kick someone's ass or be someone's bitch)

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Latest teenage drama examines love between teen girls, suckulent

Dusk cinematic adaptation turns the OMGhe'ssohot!!! raw sensuality and erotic passion of desert vegetation into celluloid drama

flimsyview

Dusk

Directed by Catherine "Empowering Women Through Rape Metaphors Since 1910" Hardwank

Adapted from the novel by Steph "Mormons Dream of Vampires Too!" Mylar

Starring that girl from Orange Julius, Cedric Dickery, some other broad, and the cactus

Now sucking at theatres nationwide

FLACCID JOHNSON

Arts & Entertainment

You know who doesn't get enough love in *Dusk*? I'll tell you who: the cactus, that's who. Because in the opening scenes, some whiny emo girl named Balla swallows digs up a cactus from the ground, and suddenly, the movie goes to a whole new level. Because, and I know this might come as a shock to all of you readers out there, but the cactus is a metaphor.

Because Balla is forced to move away from Phoenix, just before she goes, she digs a cactus out of the ground and takes it with her, away from Phoenix. This is *metaphoric*, you see, because the cactus is not just representing a cactus, but it's also representing Balla. Balla is also uprooted from her life in Phoenix and made to go live in rainy Washington—just like the cactus.

I'm not sure I'm expressing myself clearly enough. There's this cactus and

it has to go to another place. But when you look at the cactus, you don't think "cactus," you think "Balla," because the cactus is standing in for Balla. It's such a clever device that I can't imagine how the scriptwriter thought of it. Obviously she must have, though, because something this ingenious doesn't just happen by itself—oh no. They must have taken hours—no, days—coming up with the metaphor of the cactus; and it shows, believe me.

But the brilliance of the cactus doesn't stop there, no. What happens next to the cactus, if you can believe it, is even more amazingly spellbinding than what already happened. Because we see a shot of Balla getting out of the car in rainy Washington and going to her new house and, get ready for it, she brought the cactus with her. It's so inconceivably clever!

"I think I gave myself like a month and I had 150 beats so [the artists on my label] could pick the hottest [ones]. I have a catalog now of about 600 beats."

LIL JON

CONTINUING TO BEAT HIMSELF OFF

Now the cactus is not just representing the feeling of going away from somewhere, but it also represents the feeling of going to somewhere. You can't learn this kind of multi-tiered symbolism in school—it needs to be picked up on the



MY PRICKLY PEAR SEXTOY After a winter of hoarding water in the desert, he's ready to gyrate his pelvis and get busy

mean streets of filmmaking.

And how stupendously clever was the fact that they chose a cactus to play this integral role. Think about it. A cactus is prickly—just like Balla. A cactus doesn't thrive in a wet environment—just like Balla. A cactus surrounds its delicate flower with sharp spines—just like Balla. In fact, the similarities are just so great that I'm starting to think that the metaphor was written first for the cactus and then Balla was designed to reflect its struggles and tribulations in

an uncaring world. I think that's a fair assumption.

Sadly, the rest of the brilliance of the cactus is left out of the main picture, but it carries on in spirit. It's always on the edge of the action, ready to step in and become a genius metaphor once more. Frequently, you can feel the animated power of the cactus, which, even though it's offscreen, still manages to out-emote all the lead actors put together. That can only be representative of the divine power of the

cactus, that it turns out to be the fascinating aspect of a film about vampires or some silly thing like that.

So, I'm eagerly awaiting the sequel to *Dusk*, which is apparently called *Cactus Moon*, or *New Moon*, or possibly *Cactus Cactus*—I don't know. It could be a three-part series of the titular hero, bravely fending off predators and also growing a new life. And for a third-act plot twist, the words: *Vampire Cacti*.

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ballbumreview

Beth and Jim

Greased Lightning
Beth and Jim's Neighbours

LEAN IRON

Galloping Swiftly Towards Death

When Beth and Jim first moved in next door, they seemed like an odd couple. Jim, with his club foot and lumpy stature, seemed anything but your usual Casanova, and Beth's barrel-like torso was an accurate indicator of the deep baritone voice ringing within. But little did anyone know what beautiful, clandestine music would emanate from their bedroom. Beginning three Saturdays ago and

continuing every week thereafter, they've created a range of sonic sensation never before heard from a musical duo. This album has everything from the most ear-shattering of climaxes, heaving and swinging like a mixture of Wagner and Metallica, to the most dulcet of lullabies, whispered gently through the walls, accompanied only by the steady creak of a decade-old box spring mattress.

Jim's occasional—alright, habitual—

skin flute solos on the tracks "I Just Want To Be Your Hand" and "8 Lays a Week" are rock-solid with impeccable attention to technique and lubrication. Meanwhile, a guest duet from Beth and the mailman on the track "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hard Postman" brings a new dimension of power and exertion to the mix. Unfortunately, Jim's incessant crying on the reprise comes off as whiny and unattractive.

For a live performance put to disc, *Greased Lightning* has truly stand alone production value. Every spunk resounds crisply; the seminal satisfaction of every moan rings true. At times, you'll pull off your headphones just to make sure people aren't actually having sex in the room with you. If anything, you'll feel inspired to jam along at home until you hit the epic breakdown and rush for a Kleenex.

ballbumreview

Your Dad Singing In The Shower

Every Morning At 6:30am
Through the Fucking Wall

BALLS BLAMNOV

Bearded Manotaur

You know Dad's musical taste well. You probably even love it in an ironic, hipster way. Although he's the household standard—the benchmark of manliness whose respect you compete to earn in bitter, lasting bouts for attention with your siblings—his '80s-tinged musical favourites such as Culture Club, A Flock of Seagulls, and Depeche Mode leave you all snickering behind his back like a bunch of giggling Von Trapp children.

But it looks like Dad gets to have the

last guffaw. Initially thought retired from singing after last Christmas' universally-panned rumnog sing-along, his recently unleashed "best of" covers collection begins each morning at 6am when Dad awakens and heads to the bathroom, shower-radio in tow.

The opening notes of "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me" are only a precursor to the forthcoming aural assault, where his freakish wail overwhelms Boy George's ample vocals,

the atmospheric synth, and any other pre-recorded sound.

Far worse is his interpretation of Blondie's "Heart of Glass" with the delicate vocals re-envisioned to resemble a cow's final turn at the abattoir. It sounds bad enough to wake the dead, and even though class doesn't start until ten, you know you'll never return to slumber without counselling.

But the rock-bottom remains his daily off-key warbling of "Back in the USSR." Dad was never in Soviet Russia, yet his voice is like a scrapbook of the trip, with each discordant note acting as a memory from a different part of the country. Further harm stems from the bathroom's famously unreliable heat production values, causing his already-scarring vocals to jump yet another octave at random intervals.

The dog is deaf now. You'll just wish you were.

ballbumreview

My Alarm Clock

So Far Away (The Snooze Button)
PONY #SH150

TIMID JOHNSON

Quickly running out of witty cock references

My Alarm Clock's been around for a while now, and somehow, they always manage to start playing in the morning. The band always starts off on a high note and usually stays consistent all the way through. Unfortunately, after the initial jarring impulse that gets stuck inside your brain, *So Far Away (The Snooze Button)* starts to lose a fair amount of novelty.

Now, it's easy to accuse any artist of being repetitive, but My Alarm Clock

really sounds the same after awhile. It's every track is a carbon copy of the previous one, unless you happen to hear it set to radio. And the wind sections are not only overly electronic, but also incredibly high-pitched and annoying, almost as if they were specifically meant to irritate the listener.

Still, there's something danceable and motivating about their music, enough to propel you out of inaction and hop around looking for a

baseball bat to smash things with. And the lyrics are insidiously clever; consider this little snippet: "Would you turn that damn thing off / It's been going for two fucking hours / Some of us have work in the morning (BAM BAM BAM) / Don't make me come in there, you little (BAM BAM BAM)" It's riveting stuff, even when you receive a cease and desist order in the mail. The lead singer has a voice that's reminiscent of an infuriating little brother and the percussion section always sounds like the room is rattling around me.

My Alarm Clock has become a veritable morning tradition and it'd be a shame to give it up. But next time, we can only hope that My Alarm Clock can come up with something a little more soothing—and maybe one that I could listen to on weekends as well.

ballbumreview

BOB

Transit Lullabies
Wherever life takes you

LEAN IRON & HANDSOME MAN (IN GERMAN)
Partners in Luv

Bob faced many challenges producing this disc. First and foremost, were the problems that come with being a fictional character created to improve bus etiquette. But despite these deficiencies, he still manages to put out a better showing than a multitude of other ambient recording artists.

Right from the disc's first track "Splashed pedestrian falls into the emptiness of day," listeners are bathed in a soporific blast of chilling melodies. That shock subsides quickly into

the tranquil bustle of "Early-Morning Bus Crowd Antenna to Heaven," where rustling jackets and scraping bus' wipers drone with the steadiness of a senior citizen's pacemaker.

But these lullabies have a sharp edge. The soft hum of bus engines gives way to the more dissonant track "Junior High School Teenagers Struggle Against the Dawn." Their sharp voices incessantly natter, while dropping more f-bombs than *Reservoir Dogs*, as Bob lyrically

protests against the blasphemous.

The journey of the morning commuter continues with "LRT: Subterranean Ambience At The Heels of The Last Infinity." The simple "Dee-Doo Dee-Doo" as the train pulls away from each stop is the only constant on this track. The staccato squeal of train wheels punctuates the muttered curses of the schizophrenic sitting next to you, but the tension is quickly resolved by the monotone drone of the stop announcer.

But overall, the album suffers due to the sheer weight of its own pretentiousness. Bob loses touch with his audience and forces them to listen to sounds that aren't there, rather than the ones that are. *Transit Lullabies* journeys through a mellifluous world of discovery only to find at its end, with a metaphorical vagrant throwing up on your shoes. Bob's message: find once in obscurity

Larp

Live action role play

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SWEET MERCIFUL SHIT: SUNDIN SIGNS!

It's about fucking time, eh? And if that's not batshit insane enough for you, guess who he signed with? GOLDEN BEARS HOCKEY.

DICK SAUCE
Sultan of Sexy

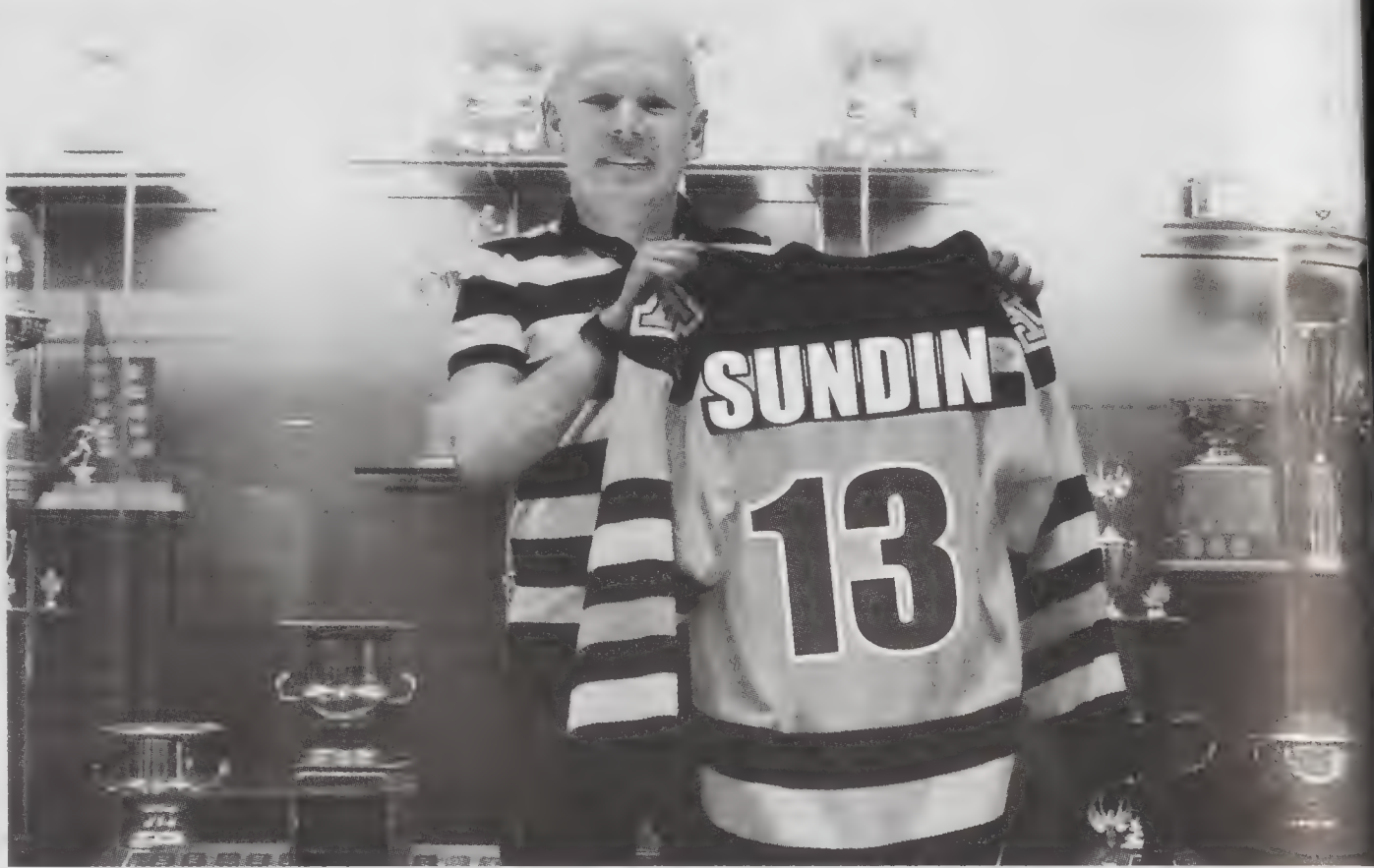
After nearly six months of closed-door meetings and public dicking around, life as we know it finally resumed yesterday when hockey's most-coveted free agent Mats Sundin was introduced to the media as the newest member of the Golden Bears hockey team. Despite continuous speculation that he would sign with an NHL club at some point in the next decade, the Swedish forward finally decided it was time to get up off his lakeside-cottage-sitting ass and convince people that he still cares about playing hockey.

The choice to play for a CIS club didn't seem nearly as shocking as it did perplexing to members of the media that gathered at the Van Vliet Centre on Monday. After being asked about his choice nearly a dozen times, however, Sundin caved and came clean about why he was, as one reporter from Swedish news-magazine *Aftonbladet* put it, "acting like such a fucking pansy over a yes-or-no decision."

"I came to the realization that after I didn't waive my no-trade clause to go to Detroit last year, my hopes of ever winning a Stanley Cup were pretty much dashed. And, since July, I've been getting offers from the Kings, the Leafs, and the Canucks—let's not kid ourselves here; those teams don't have a shot in hell," Sundin explained.

"Then one day, my agent said to me, 'Mats, unless I pick up that phone and it's the Red Wings or the Sharks on the other end, you probably have a better shot of winning a University Cup than a Stanley Cup at this point in your career.' Frankly, that sounded like a wager to me. So I contacted last year's University Cup winner and, well, here we are."

Ecstatic about the prospect of an NHL-calibre centre in an already potent lineup, Sundin's new head coach Eric Thurston was so overjoyed that he could barely formulate coherent sentences.



HOW DO YA LIKE ME NOW, MAPLE LEAFS? Golden Bears forward Mats Sundin stands in front of more trophies than he'll ever see again in his lifetime. SKEET PLASE

"He's got a very good shot, very good work ethic, he doesn't play Russian roulette out there, and I think, overall, he's going to make our team better out there," Thurston said. "Anytime you get a player like Mats out there, it's just very good for the fans and it adds a whole new level of very good intensity out there."

Despite having spent much of his adult life playing hockey in the pro ranks, the 38-year-old native of Bromma, Sweden appears to be quickly

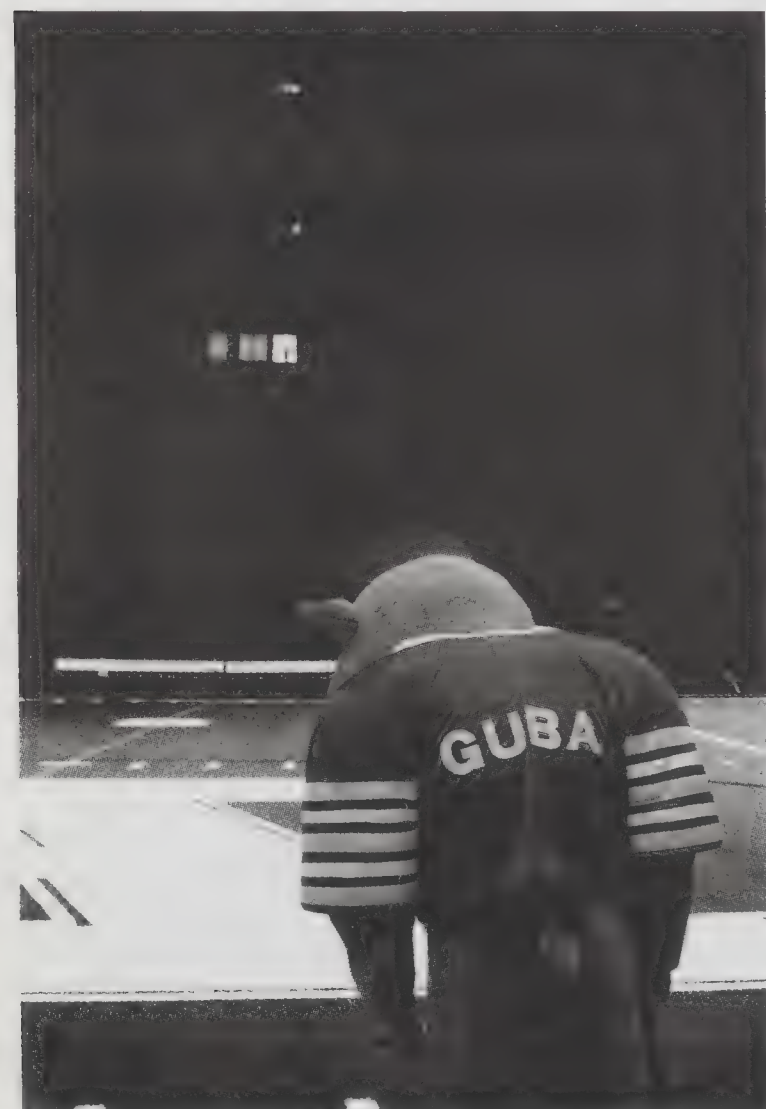
adjusting to the idea of campus life. Amid reports of his Toronto home being up for sale, Sundin has already been granted residence at Lister Centre and he believes he will fit right in.

"I get to wake up every morning and look out at that big, yellow building across the street, and then I go play dodgeball with my neighbours. Then I go over to Duke's and chain-smoke the night away. The only thing better would be getting hourly blowjobs from Tiger Woods' wife,"

Sundin said. "So much nicer than having a room with Wendel Clark and always hear stories about Wendel's famous moustache rides."

Sundin will begin practicing with his new team in late December and says that he's looking forward to his first match with the Golden Bears when he takes to the ice in the annual SAIT tournament in early January.

"SAIT? Is that some sort of venereal disease or something?"



CHEER UP THERE, GUBA The lights may be out at Foote Field now, but there's always next season to turn things around and achieve that perfect record. LEETP

Bears football finish near-perfect year with disappointing victory

FATT N UGLY
Sexy Intern

It was close but no cigar for the Alberta Golden Bears football squad on Saturday afternoon at Foote Field. Needing only one more loss to cap off their first perfect conference record since 1935-36, the Bears came away with a disappointing 27-26 decision over the Manitoba Bisons (3-5), bringing their record to an unsatisfactory 1-7.

For the first time in years, Foote Field was jam-packed with fans looking for something to cheer about. However, after witnessing one of Alberta's best performances of the year, there was no cause for celebration on this day.

"It's a little disappointing," Bears head coach Verry Breezin said after the game. "I had wanted the guys to have that perfect season—it would've been a very good symbol of our year because, as hard as we worked every week, we always came up a little bit short. As I've preached before, turnovers will kill us and they put us in a hole today where we really deserved to lose the game. But, unfortunately, our fundamentals were really good, we didn't take many penalties, and our intensity level was over the top."

The game got off to a bad start for

Alberta as a gusting northern wind placed the Stew O'Veal kickoff two yards from the Manitoba endzone. However, things would only get worse as Manitoba kick returner and local product League Shortman crossed his own goal line and conceded the rouge for the Bears, leaving Breezin searching for answers.

"There are nine million people who see me in the ring and hate my guts. Most of them are white. That's okay—just spell my name right."

MIKE TYSON
SELF-EXPLANATORY

"That's been one of our biggest problems lately: allowing teams to just hand us free points like that," Breezin quipped angrily. "And it's not like there's anything we could've done to stop him—he's two yards away from his endzone. Do you know how impossible it'd be to get a 300-pound

linebacker down there to stop him in time?"

Things began looking up for Alberta in the final 15 minutes as Bears punter Quack Legweak came up with a number of goal-line fumbles. After a series of unproductive runs by Mang Brosky late in the quarter, the Bears found themselves down 26-24 and in position for an impossible 62-yard field goal try on the last play of the game. Despite having the wind behind him, Stew O'Veal was confident that he wouldn't make the kick.

"It was a long way away," O'Veal recanted with a quiver in his voice. "I swear I had never tried a field goal from that far before—the goalposts looked like a freakin' postage stamp."

However, Manitoba's League Shortman saved perhaps the biggest weapon in his arsenal of the game for that single moment. O'Veal's kick was high and on line, but looked to fall about two yards short, until Shortman leapt into the ball forcing it up, off the crossbar, and through the goalposts. After much official deliberation, the field goal was declared good.

The Bears must now look forward to 2009 with the prospect of convincing recruits to help aid in next year's effort towards perfection.



PSYCHMINDTRICK

WRY, MA'AM, BUT YOUR SON'S NECK IS BROKEN Make sure to send a bottle of your finest vodka to his parents.

16-bit Soviet helping Alberta bring pain to two-bit wrasslin'

THE SAUCE
BY TOLU

...ve that caused many in the var-
...letic community to literally shit
...ants with fear, a former Soviet
...er known simply as "Zangief"
...been hired as the new head coach
...the U of A wrestling team.

Zangief's addition as leader of both
...e Bears and Pandas is sure to jump-
...art the team like a car battery wired
...a scrotum, as the contemptuous
...omie brings a wealth of experience
...back to the days when the spot
... Mikhail Gorbachev's head ruled
...e former Soviet Union. After earn-
...g a position in the world-class Street
...ghter II main event in 1991, the 7',
...5 lb "Red Cyclone" has gone on to
...ght and win numerous battles against
...t only other Street Fighters, but also
...several high-profile matches against
...poom and Marvel characters.

"I am Zangief from Mother-
...ussia—nothing can escape my fur-
...us swirling death move!" Zangief
...id. "Working out at training facil-
...y, we must grow even stronger!
...rade Gorbachev, we must prove

to all of the world the unbeatable
power of U and A!"

After observing a number of can-
didates from abroad, former coach
Vang Ioannides—who was integral
in the hiring process—was confident
that the one-time Soviet henchman
would be able to lead his team to
national glory and completely fuck up
a number of young, talented wrestlers
in the process.

**"If you'd offered me
a 69 at the start this
morning, I'd have been
all over you."**

SAM TORRANCE
SCOTTISH PRO GOLFER

One area that was observed closely
during interviews was each potential
candidates' special move—needless
to say, Ioannides was thoroughly
impressed with Zangief's 360-degree
spinning piledriver.

"I managed to identify several key

individuals that we wanted to target,
and they included a couple of Mortal
Kombat and Street Fighters that I had
hoped would be looking for some-
thing to do once their games had been
passed," Ioannides explained.

"Honestly, we were specifically tar-
geting either Ken or Ryu, but Canada
West officials caught wind of this and
quickly notified us that the Hadouken
is an illegal move in varsity wrestling.
However, we were happy to learn that
Zangief's piledriver was fine by their
standards."

Though the team has yet to attend
a practice with their new head coach,
the two sides are expected to meet
up sometime before January. It's
expected that once the new coach gets
his regimen up and running, rookie
and veteran competitors alike will be
expected to master a new set of moves
in order to put their opponents' health
bars completely in the red at the CIS
Championships.

"Our strength is much greater than
theirs!" Zangief noted. "Next time
we meet, we're gonna break their
arms! In Soviet Russia, Zangief still
crush you!"

Viagra found in Bears' urine

Seedy coach caught red-handed with little blue pill

SCHLONG LIONSMANE
Nighty Norki

Tensions flared and faces blanched
this week as the Golden Bears bas-
ketball team underwent mandatory
random testing in compliance with
the Canadian Anti-Doping Program's
(CADP) regulations.

While the team escaped the ordeal
unscathed in terms of suspensions
arising from the employment of
any banned substances, there was
a definite cause for both concern
and embarrassment as the results
emerged.

It seemed at first blush, at least, that
one team member had been experi-
menting with performance enhancers
of an entirely different variety.

"After analyzing one of the urine
samples we received, we discovered
trace elements of sildenafil citrate,
more commonly known as Viagra,"
Wendy Ackridge, one of the tech-
nicians involved in the testing, said.
"We felt it would be best to alert the
team to this usage."

Unfortunately, this particular
sample had arrived unlabeled, so steps
were taken to unravel the identity of
the mystery pill popper.

Superficially, the consumption of
Viagra would appear inconsequential
to an athlete's performance—at least
on the field of play—and as such this
divulgence would simply appear to
be a gross indiscretion on the part of
the CADP. However, the common side
effects of this prescription medica-
tion include headaches, impaired or
blurred vision, and hearing loss, as
well as the more serious possibility
of a stroke or myocardial infarction
(heart attack). Taking this information
into account, the officials resolved to
determine just who had tinkled into
the cup in question.

Upon further analysis, it became evi-
dent that the urine had been produced
by a male aged 55 to 70, with a meta-
bolic composition that tended towards

Maritimes populations. Armed with
this information, the testing officials
contacted coach Morningwood, who
immediately confessed that he had
mistakenly grouped his biological
excretions with those of the team, as
he had intended to deliver it to his
physician in the course of a routine
check up later that day.

As word of this occurrence dif-
fused through the Bears locker room
the following afternoon, players con-
fronted the sobering information in
deviating manners, with reactions
ranging everywhere from bemused
to disturbed.

"Man, I thought when coach said
he was stiff, it was because he was so
old," uttered one player who requested
anonymity, casting a wary eye over to
the bench. "This whole scenario has
really shone a very disturbing light
on a whole lot of situations from the
past."

Others seemed a bit more sym-
pathetic—or at least somewhat
understanding—in their inclinations
regarding their fearless leader.

"Listen: coach is retiring after this
year," one player reasoned, "and
everybody needs a hobby. My grandpa
plays golf, everyday. If I had to choose,
I'd go coach's route. Have you ever
seen those commercials with every-
body singing, dancing, and generally
whooping it up? I won't begrudge
anybody for that."

Lost in the midst of these rumina-
tions was coach Morningwood him-
self, who seemed neither embarrassed
nor apologetic, correctly designating
this matter as one to be discussed only
between himself and his doctor.

"Listen kid, before you go interro-
gating me, ask yourself one question,"
the venerated hoopster charged this
intrepid young writer, "how insecure
do you have to be to get wrapped up
in the nether regions of a 63-year-old
man?"

Wrapped up in nether regions,
indeed.

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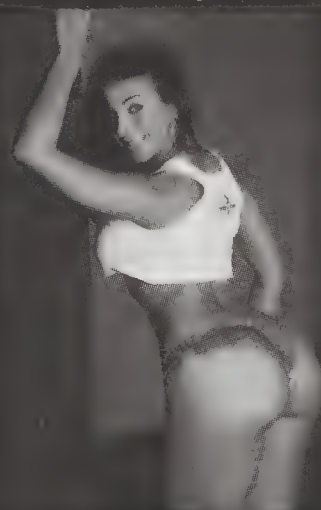
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SKEET PLEASE

WET YOUR WHISTLE, SIR? Guba, like some, enjoys a little red wine after a meal.



AHHH, SKEETSKEET

NAKED AND REEKING OF PANDA LOVE But, sometimes, he drinks a bit too much and calls up Patches for a good

WHEEL OF SPORTUNE

MACIOCIA IN, MAC T OUT

In an ironic twist of fate, Danny Maciocia—who stepped down as the Edmonton Eskimos' head coach last week—will take over the head coaching duties for the Edmonton Oilers hockey club from the recently-ousted Craig MacTavish effective immediately.

Despite never playing hockey at any level worth acknowledging, Maciocia is confident that he will be able to turn the struggling Oilers around. According to a number of analysts, rumour has it that his new strategy will discourage players from skating more than one stride with the puck in favour of a heavily pass-oriented attack.

Under Maciocia's new plan, he will select one goaltender—likely Mathieu Garon—and play him every minute of every game, barring injury, to "keep his edge up." Ales Hemsky will move

to the point to quarterback the power play, while Sheldon Souray will occupy the other point position, but will not be allowed to shoot.

Defensive pairings, meanwhile, will change at random on a game-to-game basis to "familiarize the defence with all of their teammates," and assistant coach Billy Moores will be moved to the press box to communicate with Maciocia through a headset for "a different perspective on the game."

Game plans will be formulated pre-game and will not be adjusted for any reason during games, in order to avoid confusion among the players.

—Black Betty, Bam-a-lam

CFL CONTRACTS TO THREE

In an unprecedented move, CFL commissioner Mark Cohon announced at the 96th Grey Cup in Montreal that the league would be contracting to only three teams: Calgary, Montreal and Saskatchewan. According to the Commish, the move was solely "financial" and is expected to save the league

hundreds of dollars annually.

Within the new scheme, the Alouettes and Stampeders will be guaranteed yearly spots in the Grey Cup, while the Roughriders will hold onto their franchise and will play one game annually against a celebrity squad headed up by Corner Gas star Brent Butt.

Cohon said the move made his heart sad, but that it "made sense because of the rivalry that's going to emerge between the crazy cowboys from Calgary and the poutine-loving Quebecers of Montreal."

Reaction from around the league has been mixed. Fans in Hamilton and Toronto couldn't be reached for comment due to their lack of existence, and in Vancouver, people were too busy trying to figure out why none of the Canucks players have a captain's "C" on their jerseys.

Edmonton Eskimos fans, on the other hand, were visibly angered by the league's contraction as several thousand of them converged on Commonwealth Stadium to protest the move—however, they quickly realized that Danny Maciocia

would no longer be the team's coach, and felt relieved regardless of the fact that the team had folded.

The news was well received in Calgary and Montreal as fans are already excited about a guaranteed Grey Cup rematch next year and for years to come. Stampeders quarterback Henry Burris was literally brought to tears by the announcement which came moments after his team won the 96th Grey Cup game.

Fans in Saskatchewan, meanwhile, were more than pleased with the move, because at least it guaranteed that the province would maintain its lone professional sports team.

—Eatin Dong, Coach Bombay's Kid

VOLLEYBALLS = CYBORGS

A hidden laboratory has been discovered in the basement of the Van Vliet Centre at the University of Alberta.

Though its purpose and origins have not been confirmed, investigators suspect that it was designed for the production of volleyball-playing cyborgs

to compete on the... Pandas varsity team... biomechanical ma... forms were encountered... well as an individual... form labelled simply as "Schm..."

Search efforts recovered... puters roughly the... head containing... tions "setter," "liber... hitter," while next to... used computers of si... "Kaminski," "Cundy,"

In addition, the com... next to software disc... "jump serve," "dig," an... ing execution programs... uploaded multiple times. Also... wall was a to-do board that... the notation "Nov 30: re... clocks back to Edmon... Manitoba time."

Bears coach Terry Dany... coach Laurie Eisler were... comment at this time. Further... tion is ongoing.

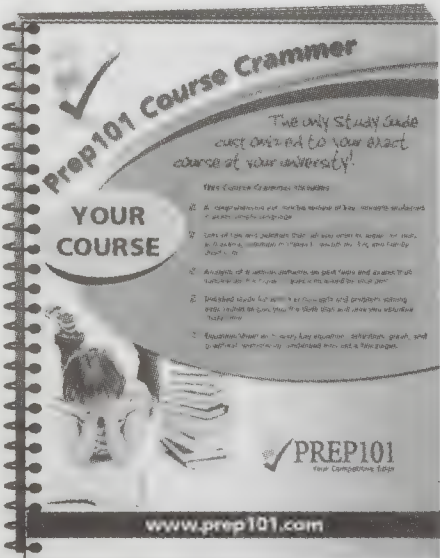
—Fatt N Ugly, Sexy

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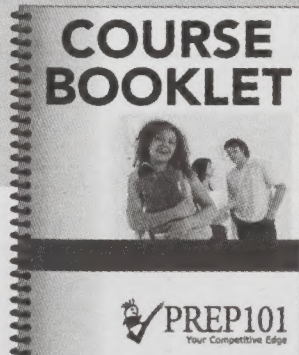
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AAAAUUGH!!!

LANKE EVAN

THE CITY PAPES

Mayor Bear commits murder-suicide

Lifelong battle with depression was mauling him from the inside, says Wife

These are placeholder words used to create the illusion that there is an article written on this subject.

"I am speaking," said a person who looked sexually ambiguous, "I wish I was born in the eighties. There were more race cars back then."

If I could meet one magician it would definitely be David Blaine, because he is always going on about unrequited love even though he is a fucking magician.

EGGO WAFFLES by Vincent VonRossburger

Doc, I think I'm crazy!

I'll be the judge of that...

How about some word-association?

Just say the first thing that pops into your head...

Pain.

Id.

Frustration.

Id.

Cannibalism.

Id.

Flatulence.

Id.

Sexy Doctor.

What?

Nevermind...

Well, I see nothing that can't be cured with good 'ol fashioned Cocaine.

Cocaine!?

Oh yeah, it's great! I use it myself...

Let me just get the lights...

Now lie back and pretend I'm your mother.

Way ahead of you, pal.

WICKED PARTY, BRA! by Moss Lockjaw

I'm tired of knowing martial arts and not beating anyone up.

There's a playground across the street with kids on it.

yeah! Not too hard to fail, but not too easy to damage my already low self-esteem!

Let's go!

Sounds like a bad idea to me.

Not fair! Bitch punched my boots!

yup, bad idea

MELTMY SWEET-OH! by Whorin' Allstars

Hey there sexy!

OOOH!

That wasn't really the "O" face I was expecting...

SEXUAL INTEGERS by Missy Gogoboots

By taking advantage of certain factors in the Law of Independent Attraction, I can finally get girls to go out with me!

$$\left[\frac{(\theta_i + t + \frac{1}{t_x})c}{\lambda_a} + \sigma \right] - \left[\frac{\Delta N_i v_o \Delta x \epsilon \psi_s - h_y}{\gamma_P} \right]$$

if > 0, A = yes!

Wait, won't you explain it?

Sorry, I have a hot date.

Tee hee.

$$\left[\frac{(\theta_i + t + \frac{1}{t_x})c}{\lambda_a} + \sigma \right] - \left[\frac{\Delta N_i v_o \Delta x \epsilon \psi_s - h_y}{\gamma_P} \right]$$

if > 0, A = yes!

But... but it's all Greek to me!

That's why you're not the sexy geek.

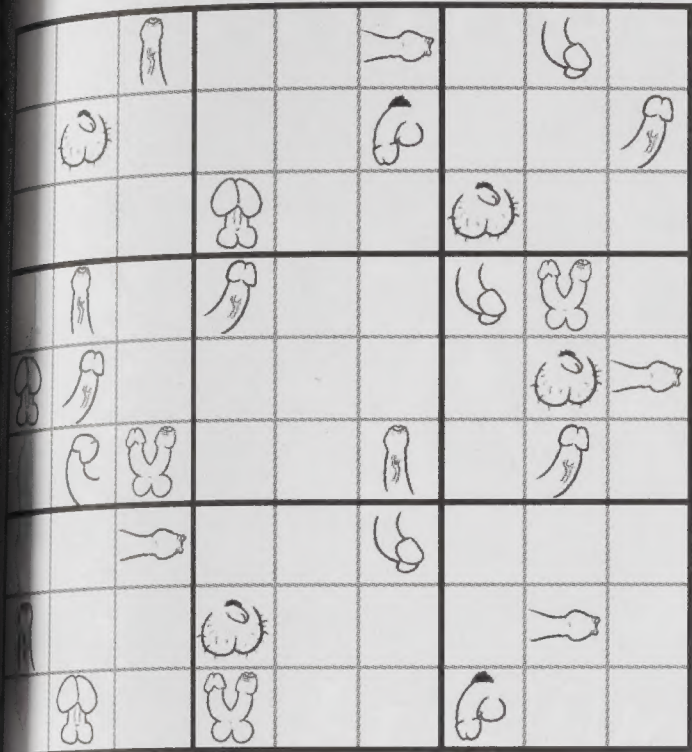
LET'S GO CLUBBIN' by Bacon, Lettuce, & Tomato

Fuck the Seals...

Help save the Narwhals this holiday season.

su | dong | ku

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CRASSIFIEDS

To place a crassified ad, please
have your good taste at the door.

TUTORS AVAILABLE

I need you to teach me how to know a man, Jack. "Know... a man?" Jack queried, his thoughts brewing, though not quite quickly enough to be believable, even to himself. Will watched with semi-glazed eyes as Jack continued to lower himself down over Will's hardness. The muscles in his legs strained beautifully and he leaned back

to balance on his hands. Will watched the undulation of muscles in Jack's forearms and chest and abdomen. Jack breathed deeply and the sheen of sweat over his skin shone brightly in the moonlight. Will wished he had candlelight to see Jack better by. He heard the tinkles of Jack's hair clinking together as the last of Jack's weight settled on Will's body.

PERSONALS

As T-bag clutched him desperately tight, Abruzzi unfastened the other man's pants then his own. Prying T-bag from him he moved behind him. "It's all right," Abruzzi repeated caressing his cheek. T-bag nuzzled, sobbing against the other man's hand even

as it pushed him down to the floor, coming to rest again on the back of his neck. He almost cried out when Abruzzi entered him choked it back so there was only the faintest wordless growl. Abruzzi fucked T-bag almost tenderly.

FOR SALE

Harry cornered Seamus after his shower;

hours of 7-8pm when she takes her nightly shower. Now, I know that not all of you like oogling girls, so if you look to the east into the Jonson's place, you'll be able to catch sight of Bobby Jonson masturbating at choice moments during the evening!

A word of caution, though, some neighbourhood residents have started to get suspicious of all the nighttime activity outside their windows, so here's some helpful tips to keep you neighbourwatching instead of jailrunning. Make sure you're dressed in black—I wasn't my first time, and boy was my face red!

Be sure to use the nightvision mode on your camera instead of flashes (Oops!), and if someone thinks they saw you, just meow and they'll think you're a cat. Nobody calls the police on cats; that would be silly. "Yeah, officer? I'd like to report Mr Mittens for trespassing." As if!

Until next time, keep watching those windows!

NeighbourWatch is a weekly feature that covers the goings-on in the trousers, bras, and sometimes panties of your neighbours. Keep up with Neighbourwatch online at www.geocities.com/thegetawayonline



neighbourwatch

by Conan Peepin'

Hey everyone, hope you're all having a fantastic time—I know I am. Just the other day, I was looking out my window and caught sight of Mrs Benson changing in her bathroom. Score! It just goes to show that interesting things are always going on in your neighbourhood if you just take the time to look.

Coming up this week, as always, Sally Dunderson's breasts will be visible from the Thompson's large oak tree for a few moments between the

"Seamus?" Harry asked the still soaking wet boy, "Yeah Harry?" he asked in his thick Irish accent, making Harry's already stiff cock twitch in anticipation. Instead of replying, Harry strode up to the boy, who had turned to face him. Stopping mere inches in front of him, Harry took Seamus' chin in his hand, and pulled the boy's mouth to his own, leaving

the burning remains of a kiss. He prepared Seamus, and then forced his member through the tight ring of muscle. Seamus cried out, whether in pain or pleasure Harry neither knew nor cared. "Harry, please, wait just a - ARGH!" he cried out as Harry thrust again, harder and faster. Seamus sobbed in his sheets.

CHUDSONS NIPPLES



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